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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Tales of the West. By the Author of *Letters from the East*. 2 vols. Colburn. London. 1828.

ONE of the most specious absurdities in the literary philosophy of the day is, the opinion that either the love or the spirit of poetry has forsaken our land. To those who take their observations from an attendance at Stationers' Hall, or from the monthly lists of new publications, the supposition may seem sufficiently established; but we imagine a not very recondite examination of the present most popular branches of literature would go far to prove that, though the number of volumes published with the word Poetry on their title pages may be less than formerly, or may insure less attention, there is as much true, deep, poetical passion, as much of the heart's inspiration, of the mellow music made by the chiming of human sympathies and affections, in the active intellectuality of the times, as when the Muses were worshipped under their proper forms and titles. The truth is, particular circumstances may make us tire of certain modes of expression, may bring this or that style into disrepute, or even induce a neglect of the species of composition itself, about which it was employed; but our passions and feelings, the principles on which our emotions hang, our perceptions of beauty, of moral or physical grandeur, and all those sensibilities which the progress and accidents of life call into action—not one of these can undergo a general change without the operation of causes which we have no need to apply, in accounting for an alteration in the externals of literature and philosophy. Humanity has essential and eternal principles which only the breaking up of the world's foundations can stop in their accustomed influence; in all the changes which the ordinary revolutions of times and seasons produce, different objects may successively engage men's attention, but they pursue them from the same ever-stirring principles of conduct; and even in those periods when the greatest changes are supposed to have been produced in the human character, we think attentive observation would prove, that it occurs only among particular sets of men; or, however the great masses of mankind may be agitated by an object of immediate excitement, that, when separated into individuals, their hearts are warmed by the same passions, fixed on the same hopes, and solaced by the same enjoyments. It cannot be doubted, if the human character has thus something ever active and permanent; the mind and affections, certain objects of interest and desire which nature awakens and gives the value to; that the feelings thus excited will seek some manner of expressing themselves; that a never failing delight will be experienced in watching their various development; and that, while any pleasure is taken in the works of intellectual ability, those most universally in request will be, the compositions which best describe the forms whose loveliness is felt by all, delineate the emotions which all have experienced, or the scenes which all admire. Poetry, whose whole excellence depends on the essential beauty of the objects it selects, and whose power consists in the universality of its language, is more than all other species of literature sure of popular attention; because more than all others it is independent of mere conventional habits, and addresses man as man, as a creature tossed about on a mighty

sea of circumstances, but bearing with him, wherever thrown, the name and character of man.

That the love of poetry, therefore, can be ever destroyed, is a supposition grossly absurd, and the opinion that there is less poetical genius among us than formerly, is of a similar nature. We are inclined to offer, indeed, a very different reason to account for a diminution in the number of good poetical writers, from those generally brought forward, and one which, though it may be a little startling to some of our readers, we believe may be borne out by actual observation. To us then it appears, that the real cause why poetry at present is less sought for or read, and why there are fewer conspicuous good writers in this branch of literature than some years since, is not because there is a less love of poetry, or less poetical genius than formerly, but because there is more, both of the one and the other; and we think this for several reasons, but chiefly because there are no books so extensively read, or received with such general favour, as those the merits of which are of a kind similar to what we look for in works strictly poetical. The fact is, the circumstances which have produced changes in our manners and in the habits of society, have increased the love of all the arts, which are but varied methods of expressing the internal and shadowy feelings of our nature. The more our passions are excited or our sympathies exercised, the more we shall delight in seeing their effects portrayed by the painter and the poet; but the stronger this admiration for the arts becomes, the greater will be the supply afforded us of their different productions, and it will often happen in consequence that the genuine efforts of genius itself will lose something of their freshness and originality, and that the number of feeble imitators who follow their track will produce in us a disgust for the form and other externals of the art. This has been the case with poetry, and the result is, not a distaste for the glowing language of passion, not an indifference of heart to the magnificence of nature, or the mysteries of our being in its brightest or its darkest passages, but a wish to drink the stream of impassioned eloquence out of a cup of purer gold and of a wider brim; a longing to enjoy the converse of the poet without the restraint of his art, or the vexatious intrusion of his imitators. This feeling has been experienced by writers as well as readers, and some of the most imaginative of our authors, of the men whose genius and feelings best fit them for the expression and delineation of human passion and nature, in all her varied details, have sought other modes of pouring out the treasures and creations of their rich fancies. The peculiar character which belongs to some of our most popular works of fiction, might be alleged to illustrate this observation, but we may content ourselves with referring to the publication on our table, the contents of which are so well adapted to our purpose.

Cornwall possesses many advantages for the exercise of ingenious fiction, as well as descriptive talent. Its inhabitants are strongly impressed with the most superstitious notions, and their superstitions are of that strange wild nature, that none of the ordinary methods which the mind makes use of to explain away such things serve us, while under their influence. The man who would laugh in sincerity of scepticism at stories of ghosts or fairies, has a curious sensation of doubtfulness and wonder while listening to the

well-accredited tales of an experienced Cornish miner; they are founded on the mysterious whisperings of nature, on the voices that come from her caverns and her depths; and we have seen the best naturalists shake their heads in perplexity while speaking of the unaccountable circumstances attending the observation of this district. The external appearance of the country, also, is so wild and savage, so stern in its bleak naked barrenness, that it can hardly be traversed without raising feelings of a superstitious character; while the mighty outstretched Atlantic, beating incessantly against the rugged headlands, increases the sensations of awe with which we survey, either in reality or description, the western extremity of our island. Another circumstance, also, peculiarly useful to the novelist, is the love of the Cornish men for adventure, which frequently carries them from their native shores to the most distant parts of the globe. Of this the author of *'Tales of the West'* has very skilfully availed himself; and the reader of his work will have frequent reason to admire the power with which he has described the fairest scenes of creation.

In the first story of the collection this is particularly the case; and it would be difficult to find passages of greater descriptive beauty in either prose or poetry. Of the tales, which are seven in number, considered with respect to their general merit and interest, we prefer the *'Valley of the Lizard,'* to which we have already alluded, for its stirring and exciting narrative; the story of *'Wesley and his Disciple,'* for its power and pathos; and that of *'St. Martin's Isle,'* for its exquisite and quiet sweetness. It is from the latter we shall give our specimens of the author's style. The scene of this beautiful little tale is laid on one of the Scilly Islands, whose extent is rather less than three miles in length, and one in breadth. Its confined limits, however, did not prevent its becoming the theatre of a most interesting love adventure, the actors in which were the curate of a neighbouring isle, and the daughter of a gentleman who had lately taken up his residence at St. Martin's. The substance of the tale is told in a few words, as it is for the separate pictures it contains of manners and character that it is chiefly excellent. Colonel ——— and his daughter being the only respectable persons inhabiting St. Martin's, it happens that on their first entering the little church belonging to the place, the curate's attention is engaged by their superior appearance, and the beauty of the young lady. He is invited home to their secluded dwelling, and, after a little time, his constant intercourse with the fascinating Lucy produces a deep and irresistible passion in his bosom. His retired habits, inexperience of the world, and delicacy of constitution, render him peculiarly unfit to resist the violence of love, and the object of his affection evinces no signs of a corresponding regard. While, however, on an excursion to a neighbouring island, they are overtaken by a storm, and the curate has the happiness to save his mistress from an untimely grave in the ocean. After this event, hope smiles upon him, and visions of happiness float continually before his eyes, but they are too bright to remain. An outward-bound American trader being driven back by stress of weather, the master of the cargo traverses St. Martin's in quest of game; and, in his wanderings, meets with the romantic Lucy. A mutual attachment, encouraged by the loneliness of the place, is formed, and the merchant becomes her acknowledged

lover. It was determined, that, having accompanied the vessel to America, he should return and claim his betrothed bride. The parting of the lovers, and consequent events, are thus prettily told :

'In the mean time, unconscious of the misery she had caused to her friend, the lady's hours fled gaily by, full of the novelty of a new and ardent passion. It was no longer a secret one; for Walters, having won her own consent, had made his proposals to the father. He certainly did not suspect the attachment, and would rather it had not existed; deeming his daughter might well have looked to a higher station than that her lover could bestow; he saw, however, that her heart was bestowed, and fearing the sacrifice of her happiness, was induced to give, at last, a reluctant assent. No obstacle now stood in the way, save the necessity of a temporary separation; for it was necessary that Walters should proceed with the charge he had undertaken, or his character would be compromised. He resolved to accomplish the voyage, and immediately on his return to England, it was agreed that arrangements should be made for the marriage. All was in readiness for the vessel's departure, which was to take place in a few hours, and Lucy had accompanied her betrothed to St. Mary's Isle, and part of the way to the port; they stopped to take leave of each other, in a small valley about half-way between the spot they landed at and the harbour. It was called, from its retirement and beauty, Holy Vale, being the only place in the isle where a group of trees is to be found. Here they bade adieu, and a chill foreboding came over Lucy's thoughts; her look lingered on her lover's countenance, as if she never was to see him thus again. Often she implored him to beware of the dangers to which he must inevitably be exposed, from the numerous vessels of the enemy at sea. "Should you meet one of them," she said, "do not rashly risk your life, surrender rather than make a vain resistance, for of what avail is the wealth you carry to the fearful hazard?"

'Her companion smiled at her warnings, though he felt they could not be despised,—more than one French privateer had been seen off the island during the last week; and should she descry his vessel, she was too valuable a prize not to be desperately assailed. He had said repeatedly, should this be the case, he would defend the charge entrusted to him to the last; yet his gallant resolve fluctuated as he held Lucy's hand in his; he grew pale and thoughtful, and again he pressed her to his bosom with passionate emotion. Courage and a sense of honour were yielding fast to the mournful fascinations of the world; he almost decided to abandon his trust, to quit the island no more, nor to risk the faintest chance of losing his adored mistress. But better thoughts prevailed, and the distant gun warning him that the vessel was already leaving the port, he once more bade farewell, and hastened away. When his departing steps had wholly disappeared, she turned to the sweet and solitary scene of Holy Vale, as if she would have sought consolation from its deep repose.

'Until a late hour Lucy lingered on this romantic spot: and then slowly retraced her steps to the boat, that swiftly conveyed her home. She strove, but in vain, to banish the forebodings that haunted her mind; they were not of the tempest or of shipwreck, but of something still more fearful; and she had recourse to her piano, and some songs of Scottish land, to drive them away. The night set in so lovely, with a cloudless moonlight, and gave such a soft and vivid beauty to the wild scene on every side, that it seemed almost sinful to cherish desponding thought. Hour fled away after hour, and still her spirit struggled with its own phantoms, when the deep silence of the night was suddenly broken by the distant report of cannon. It was slow at first, and intermittent; then the sounds were more rapid, and though at a great distance, each fell distinctly on the ear. Lucy rushed into the open air, followed by her father; but no object could be discerned in the scene to remove or augment their apprehension,—far as the eye could reach, it saw only the ocean, glittering in the pure light; not a sail or a bark was there. Still amidst the calmness of the night, unbroken by a breeze, the sounds of a conflict, and that evidently a fierce one, grew yet more audible. The girl hastened to the brink of the cliff, that overhung the deep, and strained her eye to embrace, if possible, some far object: she bent her head low to listen, though every peal seemed the knell of her dearest hopes. And the tranquillity of the scene around only mocked her agony. The waves, scarcely raised, fell with a gentle and lulling murmur on the beach beneath, no light was seen, or voice heard, from the scattered island-homes around, whose humble tenants had long since buried

their cares and sorrows in repose. The warnings she had given her lover, the sad surmises at their parting, recurred to her thoughts, and, for the first time in her life, she felt the weight of real misery.

'For half an hour, the distant reports had been sustained with little intermission; they now grew fainter, and in a short time were totally silenced. The worst presentiments of the unfortunate girl had been miserably accomplished. The fine merchant-ship had scarcely lost sight of St. Mary's, when she was descried by a French letter-of-marque, which had been several days cruising some distance off the coast, and instantly gave chase. The English vessel spread all sail, and would, probably, have succeeded in escaping, had not the wind died away. The enemy drew nearer, and began firing; her force was much superior in the number of guns and men: but she lay low in the water, which would have been a disadvantage to her in case of boarding, the intention of which was indicated by the closeness of her approach. When arrived at little more than pistol-shot distance, she lay to, and poured in a destructive fire. It was returned for some time with great spirit, and Walters animated the crew by his own bravery,—the property he fought to preserve weighed little in his mind compared to the loss of liberty; a long and hopeless captivity was a fearful prospect. His exertions were seconded by those of the captain, who was alike determined to resist to the last. The enemy's fire was so much more effective than their own, that a surrender must soon have been compelled, had not a smart breeze fortunately sprung up, which enabled them to draw out of the fire; and spreading every sail, they, by degrees, got a head of their opponent, and soon set his pursuit at defiance.

'Just, however, as the merchantman was in the act of sheering off, and part of the crew were engaged aloft, the privateer poured in a last broadside, and Walters had both his thighs carried off by a ball. He fell directly; fainted from loss of blood; and, being hurried below, was instantly attended by the surgeon, who was his intimate friend. It was necessary to amputate both thighs; he bore the operation firmly; and being treated with the utmost care and skill, immediate danger was not apprehended. It was resolved to return to St. Mary's, in order to land him there, as, with such a wound, the length of the voyage was certain to prove fatal.—pp. 251—261.

Lucy's love was deepened instead of destroyed by this event; the curate mastered his strong passion through the influence of his piety, and from the height of the rocks saw the family sail from St. Martin's for the abode of the merchant. There is a calm and tender spirit in this little tale, irresistibly delightful; but beautiful as it is, it is not without its equal in other portions of the volumes, and we can recommend them to our readers of every age and character, as calculated to afford them amusement of the most exquisite kind, without any danger either to their morals or their taste.

LETTERS FROM GREECE.

Letters from Greece; with remarks on the treaty of Intervention. By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq., Author of an 'Historical Account of the Greek Revolution,' &c. &c. 8vo., pp. 351. James Ilbery. London. 1828.

This work, of which we have been favoured with an early copy, is beyond comparison the most interesting production of its author, since, with its official documents and historical detail, he has contrived to work up a more than ordinary portion of scenic topography and national portraiture. The period of Mr. Blaquiere's present visit to Greece, is one of which we have had no authentic chronicle, and the volume before us not only serves to continue, (we hope not to conclude,) the series of the author's narratives, but to furnish a picture of Greece in its most interesting epoch, which even in its detached state must prove highly attractive to all who feel a sympathy with the struggles and advancement of liberty. About one half of the volume comprises M. Blaquiere's letters from the seat of war, and those points at which he halted previous to his arrival there; they are composed of alternate memoranda of the progress of the revolution, and sketches of the present state of the peasantry, the country, and the Government. The political portion, at

least, the leading events, and the most important results of the military and diplomatic movements, are already well known to our readers; we shall, therefore, confine our extracts to those which will be most generally attractive, and commence by the following description of the domestic arrangement and pecuniary resources of a Moreat family; the picture, we believe, to be a generic one, and it may be justly considered a faithful delineation of at least three fourths of a population labouring under the accumulated miseries of poverty and war:

'Being fortunate enough to find accommodation in a cottage of the old village, occupied by a widow and her family, of four children, I had an opportunity of observing the habits and manners of these people, more closely than some of our countrymen who visit Greece. This poor woman fled from Livadia three years ago, and finding it impossible to obtain any means of existence at Salamis, her first resting place, she came here; and though in a state of complete destitution, she soon contrived to obtain a livelihood for herself and family; so that they may now be said to enjoy a state of comparative ease. Her whole property is not, however, very extensive: it consists of an ass, a loom, and the few utensils necessary for cooking their simple fare. The distribution of their various occupations is as follows: The eldest son, a fine youth of eighteen, receives about two pence half-penny a day for working as a labourer, and is sometimes employed as a courier to Napoli and other places. His sister, who is two years older, passes at least twelve hours out of the twenty-four, at her loom, of which she is the sole occupant. The youngest son, about eight years of age, collects faggots on the neighbouring hills, and his little sister, a beautiful child of six, assists her mother at the distaff and in the cottage, occasionally going up the mountains with her brother and play fellow.

'It remains for me to state the principal source from whence these poor exiles derive their livelihood. This is neither more nor less than the loom. Having purchased a few pounds of cotton, it is spun into thread by the distaff, which is an inseparable accompaniment of every female in Greece; the eldest daughter then prepares her loom, and it is incredible how soon a piece of sixty or seventy yards is put out of hand. This is usually taken to Napoli by the son, who brings in exchange a fresh supply of cotton, such necessities as may be required, and the balance in money to meet their wants at home. I have, while here, often seen the loom occupied as early as three in the morning, and sometimes even before that hour.

'The food of this family, with scarcely any variation, consists of coarse brown bread, of which the chief ingredient is barley or maize, a small bit of cheese, and spring water. I have never seen them indulge either in eggs, meat, or even milk, and yet they seem to enjoy the very best health. Even with such humble fare they are satisfied with two meals a day, the first about eleven o'clock in the morning, and the second at eight in the evening. Nor have I ever seen any of the family taste a morsel, before ejaculating a formal and fervent grace. Their only covering consists of a few blankets: they are, like all the refugees, strangers to beds. As the nights are somewhat cold, a fire is kept. In the day time, such is the beauty of the climate, that I generally dine in the open air, and can only compare the weather, at this moment, to the finest part of our summer.'

To this we may subjoin some vivid traits of the misery drawn down upon the wretched Greeks by this devastating war, which must excite extreme commiseration, when attested by so recent and so respectable an eye witness as Mr. Blaquiere:

'Sophia Condulimo was the wife of an officer of distinction, who fell during the siege of Missolonghi. When the Turks entered the town, she was among the crowd which sought to escape the fury of the enemy by quitting the walls, accompanied by her son and daughter. They had not proceeded far, when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming towards them: horrified at the fate which was about to befall her daughter, a beautiful girl of sixteen, she turned to the son, who was armed, and told him to shoot his sister, lest she should become a victim of Musulman brutality! The youth instantly obeyed the dreadful mandate, drew a pistol from his girdle, and lodged the contents—four large slugs, in his sister's head, when she fell to the ground, apparently a lifeless corpse. Thus relieved from a charge which the mother could not preserve, herself and son endeavoured

to take refuge in a cavern. Just as they were entering it, a grape shot struck the boy in the leg, and he also fell. Scarcely had the mother succeeded in dragging him after her, than a piquet of Turkish cavalry came up: one of the party drawing forth a pistol, pointed it at the temple of poor Sophia, who, suddenly rising up, looked sternly at the Turk and exclaimed—"Barbarian, do you not see that I am a woman?" This appeal had the desired effect, and both the mother and her son were spared to be conducted into slavery. The most extraordinary part of this story remains to be told. Being among the two hundred ransomed by the Continental Greek Committees, they were sent over to this island and placed with the others. Judge of the mother's astonishment on finding that her imaginary murdered daughter was among the number! To be brief, on perceiving she was a female, the Turks carried her back to Missolonghi, bound up her wounds, which had all the appearance of being mortal, but she recovered, and her story having attracted the attention of the ransoming agents, the interesting Cressula was rescued from bondage, and, what is more, thus singularly destined to be once more restored to the arms of her disconsolate parent!

"Having stopped to refresh our horses and dine on the banks of a small stream near one of the ruined villages alluded to, curiosity led me to enter the scene of desolation, and a wretched sight it was. Many of the cottages were unroofed, while others still contained fragments of various articles of furniture, which the flying inhabitants had not time to remove. I found only one family in the whole village. They had returned for the purpose of watching a crop of wheat, which the owner told me was his only dependence, adding, that he might as well perish in his native village as die of hunger any where else. There was no replying to this reasoning! But a much more affecting incident occurred as I was quitting this mournful spot. Happening to look into a cottage which seemed to have been somewhat superior to the others, I had scarcely entered the door way, when I perceived a dog stretched near the hearth, and whose lank sides proved he had not been over fed of late. The animal immediately rose—and crawling towards me with the greatest timidity, began to lick my hands, and looked up most piteously in my face, as if he had recognised an old friend; or wished to renew his intercourse with man. It was evident that the poor creature had remained behind when his protectors fled, and when not employed in seeking the scanty means of existence, afforded by whatever the villagers left in their dwellings, or he could pick up in the adjacent fields, resumed his old station near the fire place. Though docile in the extreme, every effort of my servant to induce his accompanying us towards Napoli proved ineffectual. He followed us to the outskirts of the village, and then stood gazing wistfully, till we lost sight of him altogether."

The first half of the volume contains a variety of incidents such as the foregoing. Our limits are, however, by far too confined to admit of their transcription; but in referring our readers to the original, we can safely pronounce them a rich harvest of instructive amusement. Throughout the political pages of our author, we can discern a much more subdued tone of admiration, than that which characterized his former works. We do not mean to say that his opinions are reversed, we merely insinuate that they are considerably reduced in their enthusiasm. Besides, they are occasionally rather obscure. Mr. Blaquiere does not seem to have made sufficient allowance for the deficiency of information in his readers, and his letters contain frequent allusions to matters with which the mass of the public are but superficially acquainted, and imperfect details of events with which he evidently presumes his English readers to be equally familiar with himself. The remainder of his book is chiefly occupied with a reply to the lately published letters of Mr. Greene, the Consul of Patras, upon the same subject. This controversy might very well have been spared. Mr. Greene has written a very clever and a very popular volume; so has Mr. Blaquiere. Mr. Greene is prejudiced in favour of one party; Mr. Blaquiere of another: neither, we would presume to say, has produced a perfect work, nor has Mr. Blaquiere succeeded in convicting his opponent of any thing extremely glaring, or historically erroneous. We can make as liberal an

allowance for the Hellenic feelings of the one, as for the Ottoman leaning of the other; and both we consider to have furnished some important documents for future historians. The bulletins and official papers, appended to Mr. Blaquiere's letters from Greece, are in general extremely valuable, though almost all tinged with the obscurity of which we before complained. With one of these we must conclude our notice, it is the letter of the late Greek admiral on resigning his authority on the arrival of Lord Cochrane, and is strongly characteristic of that modest and genuine patriotism which has all along marked the career of this veteran warrior:

"On board the *Hellas*,
March 20th, 1827. (O. S.) Poros.

"Gentlemen,—Obeying the superior orders of Government, which I had received while I was cruising in the Etrurian sea, I immediately proceeded to Egina, and being informed there that the Government was transferred to Poros, here I am, in the *Hellas* (frigate), waiting for new instructions; but before I receive such instructions, I think it my duty to make publicly known what I think and feel, and what I wish that Government, as well as the whole nation, should know respecting me and my sentiments.

"It is now more than six years that I have been continually fighting, together with the remainder of my brethren, against the enemies of my country. Neither the consciousness of my insufficiency nor the weight of the office, which the country confided to me, has made me disheartened, or induced me to give way; thinking that the first duty of a citizen is to do what he can for the safety of his country; which duty I always took care to fulfil, and if I have not always been successful, the fault is not to be attributed to my disposition. Long ago my hopes, together with those of the whole nation, have been founded on the arrival of the great man, (Lord Cochrane), whose previous exploits promise, even to our country, the success of our great and difficult cause. This personage is now arrived, and I congratulate the Government and the nation at large on his arrival. The Greek navy may reasonably expect every success under the command of such a leader, and I am the first, according to the best of my power, to undertake new dangers under his orders—which, indeed, will be rather difficult to me, in consequence of my advanced age and little experience, but which I shall do gladly—thus obeying the feelings of my heart, which never wished any thing else but the good of my country. Begging the Government not to have any doubt of the sincerity of these my feelings,—I remain, with the most profound respect, the most obedient patriot,

(Signed)

"ANDREAS MIAOULIS."

LIFE IN THE WEST.

Crockford's, or Life in the West. Dedicated, by permission to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, M.P. In two volumes. Second edition. Saunders and Otley. London. 1828.

This book contains some very extraordinary facts, exceedingly curious in themselves, and valuable, probably, to a certain class of persons. But how any one, except professed critics, can ever read far enough to get at them, is to us a marvel; for such a mixture of vulgarity, folly, and praternaturally bad English, as the chapter with which the book opens present, it never was our lot before to meet. We see there have been some puffs in the papers, intimating that the work is by "a certain sporting nobleman." The impudence of this is too sublime; for the writer of these volumes has about as much knowledge of the manners and habits of civilized society as we have of the natives of Timbuctoo. What, for instance, do our readers think of the following description of the heroine? It is long since we have been regaled with such a piece of composition.

"The drawing-room is the sphere in which a woman is calculated to shine, more than in any other; but Lady Eliza Mary Dawn was so highly embellished by nature and cultivation, as would make her an object of interest and attraction in all relations of life. Her ladyship was rather above the common height, of the most exquisite proportions, with a waist extremely unique and round,

"What pen, what pencil, what art can trace
That form, that face, that loveliness and grace:
That witching form, clad in drapery white,
Seems bursting forth to the raptur'd sight,
Like the sun, in milky clouds befac'd,
Beaming morn, and with young day is graced."

"Her eyes were dark blue and full, surmounted with a brow rather dark, finely arched, and embossed in long silken lashes, through which they flashed the mildest and purest beams of unassuming modesty, tenderness, intelligence, and love.

"Those melting blue eyes in circles white,
With looks of love shining ever bright,
Around each lid, move in soft light,
As silver moon on a cloudless night;
Two beauteous orbs, in whose rays you'll find
Flourish all the seasons of the mind:
Hope, bliss, joy, and dread, in turn do reign,
But shed a summer to the favour'd swain."

"The fascinations of her smiles are indescribable: on each side of her fair cheek, a deep but small dimple played in them, the effect of which was greatly heightened by the curling of the upper lip, which, as well as its under companion, was a little pouting, and arched with a fineness of outline that nature alone could equal. The bright ruby texture of both was of the most luxuriant contrast with the delicate whiteness of the skin that skirted them. Her cheek—

—"flowers rare,
Seem t' have laid their richest tints on there,
Mingling so aptly their colours bright,
White bloom rests on pink, and pink on white,
Yet softly, that winds of gentle sway,
Seemly, could blow the downy bloom away."

"Her teeth were of great beauty—

"The lip upcurled, when glossy teeth look
Fair as lilies dip'd in rippling brook,
Fortress of the tongue, whose silver tones," &c.

"Her chin was small and round, with a slight blush of light pink upon its summit. Her high and polished forehead was partly overshadowed by long, fine, dark, and luxuriant auburn tresses, confined a little near the temples, but allowed to fall wildly by the sides of two pretty little ears, and which every movement of the head, or passing breeze would throw into some new fantastical form, and vary the golden hue of each ringlet, as it gracefully fell to find a resting place about the well-rounded shoulders, or on the most lovely, snowy, and glossy bosom ever beheld;

"Their skin transparent, and glossy fair,
As their milk had cream'd in circle there,"

and the small blue veins branching down like the fibres of a leaf, or the inlets of a river, seemed ready to gush through the delicate texture of the skin that confined them, which, though covered with richly worked muslin, could not escape the eye of a lover."

But it is on quite different matters that the pretensions of the work rest. The real purpose of it is an exposure of the gaming-houses, and of the various species of swindling practised by *legs* in general, from the peer to the pot-boy. These statements are given in a form separate from the narrative part of the work, namely, as sketches written by a reformed gambler, for the purpose of deterring a young nobleman of large fortune from falling into the mazes of the town. These sketches do undoubtedly set forth, with the names (some of high people) given at length, a most extraordinary and scandalous series of villanies of every grade and colour. They are written in somewhat more tolerable English, and with less vulgar pretension than the other parts of the book; and it would not surprise us if they were, mainly, by a different hand. These have been so amply copied in the daily papers, that we scarcely know where to choose an extract. Our readers, however, may take the following description of the *Hells*, as a favourable example of the work:

"The *Hells*, generally, are fitted up in a very splendid style, and their expenses are very great. Those of *Fishmongers'-Hall* are not less than one thousand pounds a week. The next in eminence, one hundred and fifty pounds a week; and the minor ones of all, (with the exception of those where English hazard is played, the expenses of which are trifling,) vary from forty to eighty pounds.

"The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a week each—the "croupiers," or dealers, three to six pounds;—the waiters and porters, two pounds; a looker-out after the police officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds;—what may be given to the watchmen upon the beat of the different houses, besides liquor, &c., is not known; but they receive, no doubt, according to the services they

are called upon occasionally to render. Then come rent and incidental expenses, such as wine, &c. There is another disbursement, not easily ascertained, but it must be very large, viz. the money annually given, in a certain quarter, to obtain timely intelligence of any information laid against a hell, at a public office, to prevent a sudden surprise. This has become the more necessary, since, by a recent act, the parties keeping the houses, and those "playing and betting" at them, are now, when sufficiently identified in the fact, subject to a discipline at the tread-mill. The houses belong to separate parties. Sometimes the bank is put down by one man alone, but, generally, there are three or four in it, who divide the spoils.

When they meet with more than ordinary success, they give something extra to the dealers, waiters, and porters. Some dealers, croupiers, or groomporters, have a per centage upon the gains. The gains are calculated exclusive, and the losings inclusive, of the expenses. To be clear,—if a bank gains 350*l.* upon a balance, during a week, the players must have lost 500*l.*; but if it is out, which rarely takes place, 500*l.*, the players can have won no more than 350*l.*, the expenses of the house being included in the loss of the 500*l.* Those expenses are taken at 150*l.*, but whether more or less, it amounts to the same thing,—the players pay them.

The houses are well fortified with strong iron-plated doors, to make an ingress into them a difficult and tardy matter. There is one at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance into the room of play. These are opened and closed one after the other, as a person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole for the porters to take a bird's-eye view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose. The appearance of the houses, the attentions of the waiters, the civility of the dealers, the condescension of the bankers, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an intoxicating and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind.

The proprietors, or more properly speaking, the bankers of these houses of robbery, are composed, for the most part, of a heterogeneous mass of worn-out gamblers, black-legs, pimps, horse-dealers, jockeys, valets, pettyfogging lawyers, low tradesmen, and have-been-dealers at their own or at other tables. They dress in the first style of fashion, keep country houses, women, carriages, horses, and fare sumptuously; bedizen themselves out with valuable gold watches, chains, seals, diamond and other rings, costly snuff-boxes, &c. property, with but little exception, originally belonging to unfortunates who had been fleeced out of every thing, and who, in a moment of distress, parted with them for a mere trifle. Some have got into large private mansions, and keep first-rate establishments. Persons, with a very superficial knowledge of the world, can easily discern through the thin disguise of gentlemen they assume. They are awkward and vulgar in their gait, nearly all without education and manners, and when they discourse, low slang, which bespeaks their calling, escapes them in spite of their teeth. These are the sort of characters who concert together to open hells, for the plunder of mankind. There is not a single constant player who can say that he is a winner by them.

It will be seen by reference to the list, page 91, that, at all of them, a bank is put down to be played against, excepting at English hazard, at which game, parties play against each other, and upon throwing in a certain number of maims, pay counters to the house, which is called "paying a box." At all the other games, there are points or bars in favour of the banks, and however they may differ in their nature, are precisely the same in effect. So certain are these points in their influence, that the funds of the Bank of England, in time, would be frittered away upon them, if risked against these gaming banks.

It will be also noticed, that "rouge et noir" has been a very general game among them, and has, in consequence, proved very destructive. The points or bars in favour of the banks in the different games operate upon all money risked against them at all times as a per centage, and that per centage, at no one game, is less than one and a half. A full description of the point at "rouge et noir," will convey a very just idea of what it must be at all other games.

The "rouge et noir" table measures fourteen feet by six, and is flat and oblong. It is covered with a green cloth, on which are sewn four small oblong pieces of cloth, two red and two black. Red and black opposite each other at one end of the table, and black and red on the other, on which the money is staked. In the centre of the table, a box is sunk, into which the cards are thrown after each "coup," or event, is de-

cided. The money of the bank is divided, and generally placed on both sides of the box, in a line with which, and opposite to one another, sit two dealers. The players occupy the other parts of the table. The bankers, or their overlookers, have high stools or chairs apart from the tables, by which they command a view of all the proceedings.

So much for the scene,—now for the persons:—

The players against this horrid system, at these dens of mid-day and midnight robbers, combine the nobleman down to the tradesman's clerk. This heterogeneous mass form three distinct classes, not of rank, for gambling levels all distinctions of that kind, but of circumstances, and as a player proceeds on his road to destruction, his appearance is a gauge to his purse and resources, and is a sufficient badge of the class to which he belongs. The first class in time becomes of the second and third, as the second and third have been of the first.

The first class consists of those newly introduced, plenty of money at immediate command, surrounded by the affections and esteem of friends and relatives, great in resources, of a contented, happy, healthful and respectable appearance, with gold watches and a variety of other costly ornaments. It is a matter of joke and speculation with the second and third class, how long these appendages to a gentleman will be retained, keenly recollecting how they had been compelled to part with their own. Some have carriages, horses, servants, &c. These are treated with marked respect; bows and smiles at every turn, but in a short time they begin to feel the gripping influence of such places, and all their advantages by degrees to wither, when most of them are seen descending to the second class.

The second class is composed of those who formerly held a station in the first. These wear upon their visages a look of care and deep anxiety, and have nearly drained their resources dry, their friends beginning to shy and turn their backs upon them. From having a good change of habiliments, they now appear, day after day, with the same clothes on, though still of genteel appearance. Their horses, &c. all sold off, and their watches and ornaments at the pawnbroker's, when many of them rapidly descend to the third class. This being observed, an awkward show of respect is paid them by the creatures of the hells; in short, they can scarcely treat them with common civility.

The third class—here it would be well if there were nothing more to disclose. The third class consists of those who have descended from the first class to the second, and have at last reached a degree of abject misery truly heart-rending. Their money all gone, their resources wholly dried up, and their connections and friends (hopeless of them) entirely lost to them. They present pictures of the deepest distress, want and despair, not knowing where to obtain a meal one over another, or how to secure a bed night after night, their clothes faded and threadbare. The closely buttoned-up coat but ill conceals the absence of a waistcoat or a shirt, or the soil of them. These then are shut out from "hell" to "hell," till none, but the lowest description, will admit them. At night, they flock to the English hazard houses, where they bury their miseries in sleep upon chairs, or upon the ground. Many will group together, and utter bitter and horrid imprecations upon their follies and unhappy condition.

A gambler's mind becomes impaired, step by step, with his circumstances, till that and them are lost in one common ruin; his best energies are blasted for ever, and he is cast upon the world a worthless and a starving object.

These are painful and disgusting subjects to contemplate: but to those who are bitten with the dreadful mania of gaming, this book is likely to afford information which, if any thing can do so, may deter them from its horrid vortex. Every species of plunder is set forth, with the exception of that connected with the turf, of which, the very little that the author says on the subject, proves his singular ignorance: which, as contrasted with his intimate knowledge of all other kinds of cheating, is very curious.

This book ought to have been written as a statement of facts: without any of the mawkish nonsense of the novel, or the fictitious *dramatis personæ* of the gambling scenes. As such, its information would have been far more valuable, for it would have been free from the alloy of the trash by which it is surrounded.

GENT'S POEMS.

Poems by THOMAS GENT. Pp. 191. Cadell. London. 1828.

THE light and graceful expression of the feelings that pass through our hearts in gay and happy hours, affords a pleasure which few elegant minds are not fond of pursuing. Poetry, when she thus descends from her heights to laugh at the festive board, or convey the sigh of an almost successful lover, is a pleasant and benevolent companion; and in all ages of the world, we have found the choicest spirits wooing her in their best and happiest moods. The most successful, however, of the writers who have left us what we may term fac-similes of their warm, cheerful souls, have owed their reputation to a felicitous power of easy language, to a faculty of throwing out the sweetest and tenderest of human feelings, refined before hand in the crucible of their hearts, and to that delicacy of apprehension, which in an instant rejects what is not most beautiful or most attractive of its kind. Labour therefore is out of the question in such compositions; and we see nothing of it in the best of them, but they require from their brevity and their very nature a perfection and grace of diction which is unattainable by writers of inferior taste. There are consequently much fewer readable minor poets than is commonly thought; and the power of gathering out the gems that sparkle in the hour-glass of time, or rather of embalming our happy moments in sweet and natural verse, is much less frequently possessed than the modern tribe of songsters and sonneteers would have us suppose.

Some specimens, however, of this lighter kind of poetry, might be gathered from several writers of the present day, not unworthy the spirit of Horace or Anacreon; but, in general, the very best have neither the ease nor gracefulness that distinguishes these olden writers, who were contented with expressing their feelings as they rose one with another, and left nature to brighten or shadow the picture at her will. Our modern writers are too fond of trying to make their genius shine the brighter by contrasting it with gloom of heart, or of tying up their wit into parcels of puns and quibbles, to write naturally or with uniform good taste; and it would be no difficult task to fill our paper with the affectations, the monstrous distortions of the language and common sense of the human heart, with which some of our most popular writers abound.

Mr. Gent occupies a respectable place among the minor poets of the day, and we think he deserves the situation assigned to him; but taking up the present collection of his Poems, with great respect for his abilities, we think there are some parts which might have been better left out, and others that would have admitted the correction of his good taste. What, for example, could have suffered a writer of Mr. Gent's experience to let such lines as these escape him:

'When dark adversity her eclipse spread,
And veil'd its splendours in petrifict night.'

or could have made him think that the image contained in the last line of the following verse could be made pretty, by all the pretty words in the language:

'And oft the welcome neighbour loves to stop,
To tell the market news, to laugh and sing,
O'er the loved circling jug, whose old brown top
Is wet with kisses from the florid ring.'

We shall not wait to point out the other blots of this kind we had marked in Mr. Gent's volume, but turn to a little poem in the collection, in which we are sure his pen ran much easier than it did in any of the more serious passages it was employed about.

ON THE RUPTURE OF THE THAMES' TUNNEL.

EVERY poor Quidnunc now condemns
The Tunnel underneath Old Thames
And swears, his science all forgetting,
Friend Brunel's judgment wanted whetting:

'Tis thus great characters are dish'd,
When they get *wetter* than was wish'd—
Brunel to *Gravesend* meant to go
Under the water, wags say so,
And under that same water put
His hopes to find a shorter cut;
But when we leave the light of day,
Water hath many a devious way,
Which, like a naughty woman, leads
The best of men to strange misdeeds:
Had nearly, 'twas a toss-up whether,
Gone to his *grave* and *end* together.
How the performance went *amiss*
The classical account is this—

The Naiads, Thames's stream that swim in,
Being *curious*, just like mortal *women*,
Dear souls! 'tis said, midst all their cares,
They love to peep at man's affairs,
And wondering at the workmen's hammers,
The noise of axes, engines, rammers,
Thought 'twould be well, nor meant the fun ill,
To make an opening through the Tunnel,
Just to see how the work went on;
And then, down dash'd they, every one;
When these same *belles* began to dive,
'Twas well the workmen 'scaped alive:
Brunel, indeed, who knew full well
The nature of a *diving bell*,
Remain'd some time, nor made wry faces,
Within their aqueous embraces;
Nay, fierce and ungallant, adventured
To oust them by the breach they entered.
Vain man! 'twas well that he could swim,
Or, certes, they had ousted him.
Speed on great projects! though we rate 'em
Rash, for alluvial pomatum
And under that a sandy stratum,
Will offer at a little distance
An insurmountable resistance.
How strange! to find the labour done
Just as the *sand* begins to run;
In general human projects drop,
Just when our *sand* begins to stop!

This is an amusing *jeu d'esprit*: and, though giving the author credit for possessing talents of a different description from those employed in such a composition, we think he would have consulted his reputation by confining his poetical efforts to the light and witty style in which he has shown so much ingenuity.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Sayings and Doings; or, Sketches from Life. Third Series, 3 vols. post 8vo. Colburn; London, 1828.

THIS work is not yet published, but we have obtained an early copy of it, which will enable us at least to give an account of the first story. This story, entitled 'Cousin William,' is of very various degrees of merit. The first volume is, with some slight exceptions, distinguished for the vulgarity, the bad taste, the bad English, and, in one or two instances, the coarseness for which the narrative compositions of this writer have always been remarkable. On the other hand, the remainder of the tale, consisting of about half a volume more, displays a power of passion, both in conception and expression, of which we had no idea that he was capable. It is necessary, indeed, to compound for the most flagrant moral anomalies and inconsistencies; but, having made that allowance, the power undoubtedly is *there*, and, we confess, we have been surprised at its display.

The characters of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, who, from living according to 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine,' the author has wittily nick-named *Buchaneers*, are extravagant caricatures. They live upon physic, which, at the rate they take it, must have killed them in six months; and we are indulged with all the minutiae of medicine to a degree at once childish and dirty. Buchan, it seems, has said, and well he might, that sudden loss of memory is symptomatic of a paralytic attack; and, therefore, Mrs. Crosby is made to say, that her husband has had a stroke of the palsy, in the night, because he has forgotten to wind up his watch. This, we think, is sufficiently childish;

as for the filth, it is too truly so for us to desire to transcribe it.

It is natural that the author should desire to interest his readers about his heroine. What will be thought of the following mode of describing the excess of her passion for her cousin William?

'Her cousin William had seduced the orphan daughter of a clergyman—her brother called him out—him, cousin William shot—but Caroline found excuses for him. The artful girl no doubt made love to her cousin, and if her brother would fight, cousin William must meet him; and if they met, cousin William surely ought to defend himself.'

This, we think, is pretty well. As regards the seduction, the blackness of the crime depends, in a great degree, upon how far it really is seduction; but here, the author waives that distinction, and says broadly that Cousin William *seduced* the clergyman's daughter. It is still possible that a girl, even of delicate feelings, *who already loved him*, might find palliations for his conduct. Well, then he shoots her brother! and this act of unspeakable atrocity Miss Caroline thinks quite natural, and almost proper! Truly, this is one way of engaging the feelings of the reader in the heroine's fortune! And, throughout, there are the strongest, most striking, we might say most revolting, discrepancies of character in this heroine, Caroline Crosby. In one page, she is the simplest, most single-hearted, and most feeling, country innocent that it is possible to imagine. In the next, she acts in a manner that none but the most corrupt worldling could conceive, still less execute. We allude more especially to all the affair of Mr. Allsford towards the end of the first volume.

The hero, William Morley, is painted rather more consistently—for he is a contemptible scoundrel throughout. But, in another sense, he is inconsistent; for he is represented as being gentlemanlike in his manners, though not in his feelings, and a shrewd, clever, man of the world;—all of which is totally belied in his conduct, when he is on the eve of marriage with Lady Anne Seward, which no one but an abandoned, as well as a silly man, could have pursued.

The character of Davis, Caroline's maid, is the next in importance; and is, we think, much the most ably drawn of the three. The transition which takes place towards the close of the book is forced, as well as a certain fact, which is there for the first time mentioned; and which renders all her previous conduct highly improbable. But both halves of her character, if we may thus express ourselves, are vividly given; the half-cultivated and wholly corrupted minds of the early part of the portraits are very pointedly and truly drawn: while the mingled revenge and fanaticism of the close are, once granting their existence, sketched with a warmth and vigour, of which, as we said, we did not believe the writer to be possessed. We shall give an extract from both of these portions of the book, and they will support our praise rather than our censure. We, who of course wish to make our articles agreeable, obviously must avoid giving specimens of dulness:

'Davis, who plays no unimportant part in this history, was a shrewd, handsome, and well educated girl; at least just so well educated as to be ruined by her knowledge. She had been most piously brought up by an excellent lady, who was delighted with her precocity, and who, having procured her an asylum in some public establishment, taught her at six years old to read the Bible, and to write out moral lessons in all sorts of hands; and this went on extremely well until the girl grew up, when, the spirit of inquiry becoming strong, Miss Davis took to reading other books than Bibles, and writing other things than moral lessons: she returned to her family, who were living honestly and labouring successfully in their vocation; but she despised their guidance, and ridiculed their rusticity; laughed at her sister, who could not write an answer to the honourable proposals of a respectable farmer, (her suitor,) and despatched an assignation by the same post to a half-pay lieutenant of marines, with whom

she had long been corresponding, while under the roof of the Lady Bountiful, who had polished her up.

'Time, however, and the looking-glass, made Mary Davis at length think that so clever and accomplished a girl as she was, should try to "better herself;" and having read Pamela six times, and fancied herself into the heroine, she proceeded to enact the character with the son of her patroness, who sympathised with her in her belief of her resemblance to the original, till towards the conclusion of the work; when Mary Davis was obliged to go down into Gloucestershire to visit an aunt, whose name she had never mentioned before, and who, it was said, starved her niece, and treated her so ill during her stay, that she returned to her mistress's mansion in less than two months, scarcely half the size she was when she left it.

'Matters, however, were extremely well managed, and when the old lady died, her son, who had married and settled, very honourably restored Mary Davis that, of which he had before robbed her, by giving her an excellent character into the Crosby family, where she had conducted herself for the last two or three years with every becoming propriety.

'The reader will, perhaps, however, not be surprised, considering all things, to find that her interest in the welfare of Mr. William Morley was not altogether unmixed with a little of the romantic affection which it seems she was in the habit of displaying towards lovable objects; and that, although she certainly had not been visiting her relations during her stay at the Crosbys', her readiness to forward the affair between Caroline and her cousin William, would, in other and higher circles, have been considered, to say the least of it, very generous.

'Such a minister for such a monarch, such a maid for such a mistress, and what was to be expected?—Independently of the course of thinking which such a course of reading as Mary Davis's would induce, independently of the material upon which sentiment was worked, (gold embroidery upon a frieze coat,) independently of the debasement of her principles, and the mere *humanity* of her affections, there existed in the composition of her mind that formidable desire, which all bad women feel, of making others as bad as themselves.

'To disarm a superior of the power of reproach—to bring the whole force of a *tu quoque* to bear upon those whose authority ought to influence and command—in short, to assimilate others with themselves, is one of the great objects which such personages as Miss Davis have constantly in view; and it should not be forgotten, that she had already succeeded, in one short hour, in inducing her young mistress to receive a letter clandestinely from an avowed lover, actually under a matrimonial engagement to another woman; to accept a pledge of affection from that lover, and to hear with pleasure a detail of how he had stolen to her bed-side while she slept, and printed a kiss upon her rosy lips.

'From that hour Caroline Crosby was another being—a thousand excuses were made to avoid her mother-in-law—a letter full of fervent love was written to William—the locket was packed up, despatched by Davis, who became the constant associate in her young lady's walks. William was directed to send his answer under cover to her; the companions themselves strolled to the post-office and deposited the despatch for him; and the society of her father became painful in the extreme to his once affectionate daughter, whose constant restlessness could not have failed to attract any less dormant parent.'

We abstain from giving any abstract of the story, for three reasons: 1st, making an abridgement is the most disagreeable work in the world; 2d, when it is done, it is always crude, and rarely intelligible; 3d, it is not fair upon the author. In this arrangement of our reasons, the reader will see we have exercised a sound sense: We have consulted, *first*, our own convenience; *secondly*, his; and, *lastly*, the author's. We must, however, say this much: Caroline marries a rich Sir Mark Terrington—a good and very stupid country gentleman, twenty years older than herself. Immediately after the marriage, a gap of twenty years, and more, is made in the story; and we next find her blazing at the head of the world of London fashion, with a grown-up son, a rich and singularly beautiful ward, whom the son is to marry, Sir Mark grown old and gouty, and William Morley become a baronet and K. C. B., covered

with orders and glory, and domesticated in the house as 'her cousin, my dear.'

Flora Ormsby, the ward, is infinitely fascinating, and particularly worthless. She has long been engaged to William Terrington, and, at last, is on the point of marriage. Still, as she has always thought a countess's coronet in possession better than a bloody hand in reversion, she has, to the last, kept up a clandestine correspondence with a certain Earl, by title and by nature, of Leatherhead. William Terrington, his bride elect, his mother, and Sir William Morley, (his father being absent on country business,) are at the family-place, in Cambridgeshire. Lord Leatherhead suddenly arrives—quite by accident, on purpose. William, whose feelings with regard to his mother's conduct towards Morley have been excited almost to distraction, leaves this *partie quarrée*, to take an evening drive together, and retires to his study.

'From the windows of his apartment, he saw the party drive away from the door in high spirits; Morley evidently entertaining his companions with some little history, of which William, in the bitterness of his feelings, and the height of his suspicions, could not but think himself the hero. He retired from the sight of those in whose fate he was so deeply interested, sick and wretched, driven by circumstances, almost by ocular evidence, to doubt the virtue of a parent, in whom he had through life thought every earthly perfection centered; compelled to believe that the girl, to whom he was on the eve of marriage, cared less for him than the idle vanity in which she was then indulging herself; and forced by a sense of affection and delicacy to be silent upon all these points, each so deeply involving the other, lest, acting upon groundless fear and useless apprehensions, he might wound the mother he adored, and do a violence to the feelings of the relative she loved.

'That he could no longer lead the life he now toiled to support, he was assured; and baffled in the last opportunity which presented itself of introducing the dreaded subject to Sir William, by means which, while they did not commit Terrington as to his opinion or doubts, but merely brought to Morley's view what the world said, he was beginning to ruminate in his mind the best mode of proceeding in so perilous a matter, when a slight tapping at the door of his study awakened his attention.

'Come in,' said he.

'The door opened, and presented to his view his mother's woman, Davis, who absolutely trembling with agitation, (how excited he could not conceive,) and pale as death, entered, and closing the door, cautiously advanced towards him on tip-toe, casting her haggard eye, around the room, to assure herself that they were alone.

'Davis!' said William, startled at her appearance, 'how wretchedly ill you look!'

'Ill, boy,' said she, in a voice hardly audible; 'who would not be ill, when such ill doings flourish—did you see them go?'

'You mean my mother and Miss Ormsby?' said William.

'Yes, and the fool and the knave that haunt their steps,' said Davis.

'The what?' said William: 'of whom do you presume to speak?'

'Presume!' said Davis; 'it is no presumption brings me here—it is the Lord has put me on this, and his will be done—I have nursed you, William Terrington—I have dandled you in my arms—I have fondled you—I have loved you—you must be saved from the snares of the insincere and ungodly—yes, William, you shall not be made a fool of, though others are—d'ye mark me—do you think, William Terrington, that that lord came here by chance to-day—or d'ye think your bonny bride invited him?'

'Are you mad, Davis,' said William, 'or would you make me so?'

'No, I would save you,' said she: 'you disbelieve me—you think I rave—talk without book—here, boy—here—out of her own writing desk have I fetched the evidence—here is the lord's letter, which her maid treasured up for her—here is the permission asked to come to-day, which the young jilt granted—here—here—read it—her maid, who thinks herself faithful, would not trust me with the truth. She has her lover too—him, I brought hither myself this afternoon to soothe, and flatter, and please her—while with these keys—these never failing keys, I have drawn from her mistress's hoard the proof of her unworthiness to be your wife.'

'Good God!' said William, 'how am I to act?'

'Take not that name in vain!' said Davis; 'I have been latterly taught to speak it with faith and reverence; but you live in the midst of sin and vice, make haste—read that—it must be returned before the beauty comes back to her bower.'

'What would you have me do with the letter?' said William; 'I won't touch it.'

'Whisht boy, whisht,' said Davis; 'what are your scruples?'

'Honour forbids it!' said William.

'Honour!—ha—ha—ha,' said Davis; 'are you serious? Honour in this house—the mark for fools and knaves to point and scoff at—honour!—God help the honour of your poor father—are you blind—are you deaf—will you read this letter?'

'No!' said William; 'I will not—and I do declare to you, that were it not for my mother's affection for you, which I know would induce her to think me a causeless enemy to you, I would—'

'What!' said Davis; 'do you threaten me with betraying—do you tempt me with pretences of your mother's love for me—your mother hates me, Sir—hates—because she fears me—and I hate her.'

'You!' exclaimed William; 'this is insanity,'—and he moved towards the bell in order to call for assistance.

'Hold, child, hold!' said Davis, seizing him with an iron grasp; 'call none here—three words from my lips would send your mother from her home—from you and from the world—provoke me, and they shall out.'

'Woman!' said William, 'or rather fiend in woman's shape—thy calumnies are false—false as hell.'

'You reject my counsel too,' said Davis; 'you will not be saved—but you shall—it is a good work I am about, and it must be done—you refuse to read this letter—you refuse to open your eyes to the duplicity of that young jilt, bred in the school of artifice and vice.'

'Davis,' said William, 'I'll hear no more of this—another word, and by heavens I will summon the servants to thrust you forth from my mother's roof.'

'Your father's roof, young gentleman, if you please,' said Davis; 'and as for thrusting forth, we'll see, proud Sir, who shall be thrust out first. Oh, that this task should be put upon me! but it must be done. When does Sir Mark return?'

'To-morrow, I believe,' said William; 'but why?'

'Why? Ay! that's the thing,' said Davis; 'spare to speak and spare to speed—to-morrow is the day—once more, will you read this lord's letter?'

'Once more then, No,' said William, firmly; 'and I do beg you will restore it to the place whence you so basely took it—I need no interference in my affairs, much less that of a servant; and least of all, that of a servant who thinks so basely of her mistress's son, as to imagine him capable of grounding his conduct in life upon a stolen letter, written in confidence.'

'Ah!' said Davis, laughing; 'that's honour, and very honourable too—and I am despised, and vilified—but such is the lot prescribed for me—suffering—suffering and reviling—no matter, Sir—I tell you again, that the lord, whom you hate in your heart, was bidden here to-day, by the charming creature whom you love—see, has at he taken your place at her side—are they not laughing at your ill humour, and enjoying your wretchedness, while your kind mother joins in the jests against you. Mercy! mercy! they are here,' cried she; 'returned—this fall of rain has driven them back—I must be gone—remember, William Terrington, I have tried to save you—I have been accounted mad—I have been threatened—I now threaten in my turn—vengeance is at hand—not mine on you, or yours—but the unerring vengeance of Heaven upon sin and wickedness.'

'Saying this, she abruptly quitted the room, leaving William in a state of feeling perfectly indescribable.'

This scene is, we think, very powerful; but the circumstance of the following makes it still more so. William Terrington has determined to write to his mother, and is sitting up to complete his task.

'William remained occupied, either in thinking over all the topics which engrossed his mind, or in committing his thoughts to paper, wholly unconscious of the flight of time, until the clock struck two, and the grey tint of morning was spread over the face of nature—still William was engaged in his task, nor was it near its conclusion, when a hasty footstep in the lobby caught his ear—again his door was footed.

'Who's there?' said he—starting up—thinking at this untimely hour it might be some hostile visitor,

'Again the door opened, and again Davis stood before him.

'Are you up, boy?' said she—looking more horribly and more wildly than before—'is your heart strong—are your nerves firm, have you faith?'

'For mercy's sake, what do you mean?' said William.

'Be quick, be quick,' said Davis, 'tis a hard thing to do—but it must be done—there's fire in the house—fire—child—fire.'

'Fire!' exclaimed William, starting up. 'Why stand we here then—where is it?'

'Be cool—be calm,' said Davis, 'noise creates confusion—disturb none—look to Sir William's room.'

'Saying this, she led the way towards the door of Morley's apartment.'

'There lies your road,' said Davis, pointing, 'I cannot enter—go you in—see! 'tis there—'tis there.'

'William, over-awed by the extraordinary manner of the woman, and not much disliking the idea of obtaining an ally in Sir William against her fury, should she prove, as he suspected, really mad, and become violent, did as he was bid; the door unfastened, yielded to his push, and he entered the apartment.

'In a moment he returned to Davis, who was standing in the passage.

'He is not here!' said William, 'he is not in his room.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' said Davis, with a hideous grin of triumph; 'fool, did you think he was?'

'Where is he then?' said William.

'Stop,' said she, in a subdued voice, as if she had suddenly beheld a spectre, and catching him by the arm, she thrust him, with herself, into a deep recess, where the light of dawning day had not yet penetrated; 'Hush—look there!'

'They could, from this place, see the entrance to Lady Terrington's bed-room—William's eyes were fixed on the spot; as they stood together, they could feel each other tremble, he shook with horror, she with anxiety and expectation; the door of Caroline's room was opened slowly and cautiously—the cold sweat stood upon William's brow, and his knees knocked together—his fixed eyes were blasted with the sight of Morley quitting the apartment of his mother, enveloped in his morning gown—he stepped softly yet quickly through the lobby—he passed near them—he saw them not—and as he came close to them, Davis grasped the arm and body of her victim, lest he should rush from his hiding place, and kill him on the spot—but the paramour was safe—for William had seen the horrid vision, and fallen senseless on a sofa which filled the recess.'

The catastrophe is very strikingly wrought out, and, moreover, is quite unexpected,—a quality exceedingly rare with catastrophes of these days. In a word, the whole of the latter portion of the work is, with some exceptions, written with a degree of power and passion, which we never thought till now that Mr. Hook, (for, though he still preserves the anonymous, it is but affectation in us to continue calling him 'the author,')—that Mr. Hook could approach. There is a great quantity of bad comedy, bad sentiment, bad feeling, and bad writing to wade through before we reach that which is good; but it is, in our judgment, exceedingly good, when we do get to it.

The second tale, entitled 'Gervase Skinner,' occupies the remainder of the work; namely, a volume and a half. We confess we are totally at a loss to comprehend how Mr. Hook, or any one else, could choose such a character for the hero of a story. 'Gervase Skinner' is a mean, heartless, paltry, stupid fellow, exceedingly stingy, and not over honest; a person, in short, in whose fortunes it is impossible to take the slightest interest. The story follows him minutely throughout; so that we never get rid of this contemptible vulgarism for five minutes: and the other characters are few, and, with one exception, slight and unimportant. This exception, 'Mrs. Fagglerton,' a theatrical star, figures prominently enough, and also not a little offensively. The character is coarse, vulgar, and tolerably indecent; indeed, there are some scenes which, we are convinced, the worthy licenser would expunge; so that it is very possible they are extracted from some 'birth-strangled' farce.

We shall not give any extract from this story; for the reason we have already hinted at, The

most palpable part of it consists of the scenes with the country-actors, near the beginning; but they are, though here and there amusing, coarse, vulgar, and far too long. There is also one part of this story exceedingly offensive; we allude to the scene in the 'Mad-house.' Mr. Hook ought to know that these infirmities are things to shudder at, not to ridicule; and that to figure them forth for the grin of the multitude, is both unfeeling and indecent. Over this, the most degraded nakedness of poor humanity, it becomes every person of right feeling to cast a veil.

On the whole, we are perplexed by the work collectively; for there are such extraordinarily various degrees of merit, that it is difficult to understand that they are all by the same hand. There are some very bad, and many indifferent, things in the first tale; but there are some also of high excellence. The second, however, is utterly worthless and contemptible altogether.

LORD CHEDWORTH'S LETTERS.

Letters from the late Lord Chedworth to the Reverend Thomas Crompton, written in the period from January 1780, to May 1795. London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., 4to. pp. 295. 1828.

It has been much the fashion of late years to decry the practice of publishing the private correspondence of distinguished individuals. Like all other subjects taken up out of whim, the arguments employed upon this have an air of truth and propriety without any real fitness of application to the question; and popular opinion is led to argue against itself by making an article contraband, which, in the daily traffic of mind with mind, is one of the most useful commodities in intellectual commerce. The advantages to be derived from the possession of large collections of letters written by persons eminent in any one department of life, have never been disputed; the help they afford in the study of human nature, the lessons of conduct and experience they contain, the frequent illustrations to be drawn from them of events and manners, and above all, the living image they present us of the mind from which they emanated, are what we could derive with equal profit from no other sources. Neither history nor biography, if indeed either could exist without their aid, is so well adapted to teach us what celebrated individuals were, or the times in which they lived, as the remains of their general correspondence. In the elaborated pictures, the parallels and formal summaries into which memoirs are worked up, we see, as it were, the portrait of a man taken while he was asleep, a good likeness of him in outline, but showing none of the peculiarities of his countenance, by which to distinguish him from others of similar form. In his letters we see his countenance sparkling with the passions and sentiments that animate him, and the physiognomy of mind has a fair field to work upon. What may be said in respect to individual character is true also of particular periods in history, the effects of political changes or alterations of manners being much better judged of by incidental illustrations than through the aid of historical theories. Important, therefore, as are the uses to which the correspondence of eminent men is subservient, we should not be willing to see such a valuable species of literature destroyed out of false principles of honour or delicacy; and such we conceive those to be which are generally alleged against the publication of private correspondence.

Letter writing is conversation carried on at a distance, and the rules of propriety and confidence which belong to the one are applicable to the other. But there is almost an innumerable quantity of topics on which we converse, and of situations in which the conversation is carried on, where there is neither a declared nor implied necessity for privacy. Indeed, there is seldom any conversation which would be of general use or entertainment to report, by the publication of

which private confidence would be transgressed. The mere detail of settlement of family affairs, or the consideration of circumstances which some present interest renders necessary to be kept secret, affords no subject for reflection or which men of character would listen to. It is the opinion of persons on topics of universal concern, anecdotes that display new features in a character already known, or sentiments that are valuable for themselves or their relative importance—these are the things which render the conversation of public or talented men interesting, the circumstances which make us seek to enjoy it, or induce us to listen with delight to any one who may have had the privilege of sharing in it. Now, whether the discourse have been carried on between two or more persons, we see no reason why every one should have considered himself in a confessional, or why he should think it necessary to impose upon himself an oath of perpetual secrecy. Men engaged in political struggles contend for what they consider the cause of right; religionists combat with error, and philosophers with ignorance, in whatever they say or do; therefore they can have no cause for concealment, but where their safety or that of others is concerned; to suppose them uttering sentiments, which it would be a breach of confidence to make public after their decease, is to stamp them with the character of hypocrites. In regard to literary men, and those especially whose dispositions and peculiarities of thought render them particularly objects of attention; there are few who have not an almost constitutional tendency to pour out all their thoughts and feelings wherever they have a chance of finding sympathy or attention; the events of their lives, their struggles and misfortunes, their shattered hopes and disappointed loves, are the favourite subjects of their compositions, as well as of their discourse; and there is not perhaps one of their readers from whom, if circumstances had been favourable, they would have concealed their most cherished sentiments. Let these considerations now be applied to the written correspondence of such characters as those we have been speaking of, and it will appear, we think, that the most refined delicacy will require the sacrifice of but a small portion of their letters. As in conversation, so in every other kind of communication where secrecy is as it were covenanted for between the parties, there is a gross breach of trust to neglect it; but we contend, that in most instances this is not even implied in epistolary correspondence, and that when it is, the necessity ends with the time being.

Had we not thought as we do upon this subject, we should have been compelled to pass a verdict of censure on the publication before us, but which we are inclined to consider a very interesting addition to such works already in the possession of the public. The writer of the letters we are here presented with, had a character of singular construction, and though little known beyond his immediate connections, possessed both rank and talents fitted to render him a highly useful member of society.

Lord Chedworth was the son of the Hon. Thomas Hone, third son of the first Lord Chedworth, a clergyman and rector of Great Wishford, in Wiltshire. The author of the letters in our hand succeeded his uncle in October 1781, but owing to some unfortunate circumstances, by which his nervous system and whole constitution became greatly deranged, the natural energies of his mind sought employment in the pursuits of literature, and in the intercourse of private friendship, rather than in the scenes to which his station called him. Lord Chedworth was greatly attached to Ipswich and Yarmouth, by many respectable individuals in which latter place his memory will long be regarded as that of a warm and sincere friend. He died on the 29th of October, 1804, and having passed his life as a bachelor, the title became extinct on his demise. The

Rev. Thomas Crompton, to whom the letters now first published were written, was a very early acquaintance of this nobleman, and he has performed a duty to his friend, for which many persons will be grateful. We shall endeavour to select two or three of the letters which may give some idea of Lord Chedworth's character, or be interesting for their allusion to the public men of his time. Lord Chedworth was passionately fond of theatrical amusements, and we have heard two or three anecdotes of his benevolence having been warmly excited in favour of actors and actresses. The following contains some allusions to his favourite pleasure:

'Ipswich, Dec. 31, 1782.

'I promised to give you an account of my evening with Dr. Johnson. On the Tuesday after you left town, I received a note from Dr. Parr, informing me that Dr. J. was crowded with engagements, and would not be at liberty any evening this week, but that he (Dr. P.) was to have him one evening in the next; but as I left London on the Saturday after you, that advantaged me not a whit. I was very sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing you on the Sunday; but I could not possibly get to Ormond-street. I dined with Mr. Le Mesurier, and was obliged to go to Mr. Edwards in the evening. I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Siddons twice that week, viz. in *Isabella* and *Jane Shore*. I think very highly of her; but I find the general opinion is, that her last act of *Jane Shore* is inferior to Mrs. Yates's—an opinion to which I readily subscribe, though at the same time I think Mrs. Siddons's very good, and there were one or two great strokes; but Mrs. Y. gave (in my apprehension) a more perfect idea of a woman dying by hunger. She was much more feeble, and looked as if nature were really exhausted; Mrs. S. stood more firmly on her legs. Her *Isabella* pleased me wonderfully; the play is, in my opinion, a very fine one. Mr. Smith was very bad in *Biron*; his *Lord Hastings* was indisputably better than Lewis's; you would laugh were I to say it pleased me better than Henderson's; at the same time I do not think it capital, but, excepting the part of *Iachimo*, I have not often seen him better in tragedy. Mr. Henderson is not, in my opinion, a great tragedian: he always plays like a man of sense; but his execution frequently falls short of his conception, which is usually just, except when he attempts to give a new sense to his author, by an emphasis, punctuation, or mode of expression, different from that which is generally received; his deportment is far from elegant: the gentleman was, in my opinion, by no means unhappy, who called him a Birmingham Garrick. I think comedy his forte; his *Benedick*, *Don John*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, are in the highest degree excellent: his conception of *Falstaff* is very different from mine. I conceive it just as Holland does, who, of course I think, plays it very well;

"——— spit et mecum facit."

There are many characters in the comedies of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, that I think Henderson would play excellently. I find they are going to bring out the *Scornful Lady* of the two last-mentioned authors, at Covent Garden, in order to show Mrs. Abington as the *Lady*. Theobald informs us, that Addison told him that he sketched the part of *Felham*, in the *Drummer*, from that of Savil. I confess I do not discover much resemblance, but am inclined to prefer the copy to the original.

Ipswich news I have scarcely any to tell: there have been violent disputes about a concert and ball set on foot here, which are likely to produce some fun. I am, in great haste, my dear C., ever sincerely yours.

The next two are of a different character.

'Tuesday Night.—Feb. 22, 1792.

'The grand subject of conversation at present is the debts of "a certain young gentleman," which are said to amount to near a ——. The King is certainly much offended at Mr. Pitt's refusal to ask Parliament to pay these debts, and to furnish money to the Dukes of — and —. Mr. Fox declares that the proposal would not be tolerated by the House of Commons or the nation, and on this account a coolness is said to subsist between him and the P——. Sheridan is every thing at Carlton House.

'There is a sort of a vague surmise of a wish to form a new administration after the end of the present session of Parliament, in which neither Mr. Pitt nor Mr. Fox shall have any share: but this appears to me so wild a scheme that I think it cannot be seriously entertained, though an expression of such a design may have escaped in a moment of disappointment.

'The opposition appears to me to have had a manifest advantage over administration in the debates on the Russian treaty. I am afraid poor Miss Brand will not be delighted with the notice taken of her tragedy by Lord Guildford. Do you know any thing of her?'

'I greatly prefer the Yarmouth address for the abolition of the slave trade to the Ipswich one.'

'Dr. Parr is about to publish: it is said to be an olio; the Birmingham riots are considered. I long to see it.'

'I remain, dear Crompton, very sincerely yours.'

'Feb. 24, 1792.'

'What I have said in my last letter respecting Mr. Pitt's conduct, &c., will in some measure answer your questions. I will add, however, that I certainly approve the minister's conduct with regard to the P. of W.'s debts, but it appears to me to be likewise the best he could possibly pursue for his own interest. He is of opinion that such a proposal would be extremely unpopular; Mr. Fox is strongly of the same opinion, and would not undertake to bring it forward. If making the proposal would be unpopular, the resistance of it must be popular. The coincidence of interest and duty you will allow to be fortunate. Mr. P. could not get the measure through without difficulty, and making use of means which are not exerted but on extraordinary occasions. He says himself that the House of Commons would not hear of it: I do not go quite so far as that, but I believe, in order to secure a majority for that purpose, some of the members must be properly prepared; and after it was carried, the unpopularity of it would certainly be very prejudicial to the minister. From what I have stated, you will be able to deduce an answer to your question, whether "it is credible that any other public character in the kingdom, if placed in the situation of prime minister, would have pursued the same conduct." I firmly believe there are many public characters, who, if placed in the same situation, are capable of perceiving what is really their interest, and of pursuing what they perceive to be so. Doubtless, Mr. Fox would be very glad to comply with the wishes of the prince on this occasion; but I am persuaded he would at this moment refuse the premiership on condition of getting Parliament to pay the prince's debts. He would act thus, not perhaps from any reluctance to burthen the people, but because he knows the weight of unpopularity would be such as he could not stand under. In fine, I highly approve the wisdom of the minister's conduct, but I have not sufficient vivacity of imagination to be captivated with his patriotism, magnanimity, &c. I think he runs no risk by the course he has taken; a contrary proceeding would have been hazardous. I know I have been saying all this with the danger of being thought uncanonid: but such are really my sentiments.'

We should have been able to make a variety of other extracts, containing some interesting allusions to public persons and events, but they are so mixed up with matter curious principally to those only who had a personal acquaintance with the writer, that we shall confine ourselves to those given above. In general the volume will be interesting to every one who finds a pleasure in looking back on the close of the last century, and on the many important circumstances which distinguished it; it will be interesting also to the philosophical observer of character; but it will be above all interesting to every one acquainted with Norfolk and Suffolk, with the intelligent society to be found in those counties, and the many highly talented individuals, whose literary taste adorns the sort of social retirement found in a provincial town.

SONNET,

WRITTEN AFTER READING ZIMMERMAN ON SOLITUDE.

THEY know thee not, thou solitary one!
The world and the world's hopes are not with thee.
Far from their presence thou art fond to flee;
Communing with the thoughts of seasons gone.
Yet! when great Nature puts her terrors on,
Calls in the mountain thunders and the sea,
And holds in storm her wintry revelry;
Then dost thou live—great in thyself alone.
Before her awful voice swift bursts in twain
Each bond of earth—and the freed spirit soars
And claims a part of all around her. Vain,
Vain is her triumph, earthward soon she lowers;
The heavy heart, the burning of the brain,
Recals again the bitter tears she pours.

NOTICES OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

We propose giving, from time to time, a short account of the principal publications that appear on the Continent, in such an abridged manner as not to trench much on the space devoted to English Literature, with occasional short quotations in the original languages, when the matter is of sufficient importance to render it desirable. The English reader will thus become acquainted with the most useful and entertaining works that have appeared during the previous week, in many parts of the Continent. We shall never devote more than a page to this class of works, and frequently perhaps less. But as our connexion and correspondence with foreign literati will often enable us to supply the readers of 'THE ATHENÆUM,' with notices of the most interesting works, even before they are published in the different capitals of Europe, we should have omitted a duty towards them, if we did not avail ourselves of that privilege of acting on it for their gratification.

Le Voyage en Grèce. LE BRUN. Paris.

LE BRUN, the Byron of France, the author of Marie Stuart, and many other excellent works, has recently visited Greece, and the poem which has just appeared, entitled 'Travels,' gives a delicious picture of that celebrated country: the following beautiful description will serve as a specimen; we regret that we have not room for further quotations:

'Dans la belle vallée où fut Lacedemone,
Non loin de l'Eurotas, et près de ce ruissseau
Qui, formant son canal de débris de colonne,
Va sous des lauriers, rose, ensevelir son eau.
Regardez; c'est la Grèce: et toute en un tableau.
Une femme est debout, de beauté ravissante,
Pieds nus; et sous ses doigts un indigent fuseau
File, d'une quenouille empruntée au roseau
Du coton floconneux la neige éblouissante.
Un père d'Amyclée, auprès d'elle placé,
Du bâton recourbé, de la courte tunique,
Rappelle les bergers d'un bas-relief antique;
Par un instinct charmant, et sans art adossé
Contre un vase de marbre à demi renversé,
Comme aux jours solennels des fêtes d'Hyacinthe,
Des fleurs du glatier sa tête encore est ceinte.
Sous sa couronne, à l'ombre, il regarde, surpris,
Trois voyageurs d'Europe au pied d'un chêne assis.
Le chemin est saupré, sur un coursier conduit,
La musulmane y passe, et de l'œil du mépris
Regarde; et l'Africain marche et porte à sa suite
Dans une cage d'or sa perdue et sa suite
Cependant qu'un aga, dans un riche appareil,
Rapide cavalier au front sombre et sévère,
Sous un galop bruyant fait rouler la poussière.
De ses armes d'argent que frappe le soleil
Parmi les oliviers scintille la lumière.
Il nous lance en passant des regards scrutateurs,
Voilà Sparte; voilà la Grèce tout entière
Un esclave, un tyran, des débris et des fleurs.'

Planches de Séba. Paris.

THESE celebrated Engravings are deposited in the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, and are to be met with in few other places: the volume that contains them is of the largest size; there are 450 Engravings relating to the Animal, Vegetable and Mineral Kingdoms: Buffon, Bresson, Cuvier, and other writers of Natural History, frequently make mention of this work; and all agree as to its excellence and usefulness. On account of its rarity and great price, it is only to be found in a few public libraries, or in those of opulent collectors of rare books. Cuvier, Bory de St. Vincent, Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, and other learned naturalists, have undertaken to supply explanatory notes. The present edition is to be published in Forty-five Numbers, of Ten Engravings each; four are already on sale.

Les Amours Mythologiques, traduites des Métamorphoses d'Ovide par de Pongerville. Paris.

THIS is the best French translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, and as, perhaps, there is no better existing in any modern language, we have thought proper to notice the appearance of the third edition; superior, in many respects, to the preceding ones. And here we must take leave to remark, that the French have excelled us in most instances, in their translations into verse of the Latin Poets. What can be more literally exact and more beautifully expressed, than the following description of the Birth of Adonis, beginning—

'Sub robore creverat infans,
Querebatque viam, qu'il se, matre relicta—
'Le fruit de l'adultère
Tente d'ouvrir le tronc qui renferme sa mère.
Ce tronc s'effie, pressé d'un travail douloureux:
Myrrha n'a plus de voix pour implorer les dieux.
L'arbre, gonflé, gémit: de s'ouvrir il s'efforce,
Et des pleurs abondans humectent son écorce.

'L'arbre se fend: l'écorce en criant se partage:
De son fardeau vivant tout à coup se dégage:
Un enfant voit le jour.'

We cannot resist giving the portrait of Adonis, the last line of which,

'Aut huic adde leves, aut illis deme pharetras.'

is imitated by Tasso:—

Se! miri fulminar, nell' arme avolto,
Marte lo stimi; Amor, se scuopre il volto.
'Même à la sombre Envie, Adonis saurait plaire:
Adonis, sur les fleurs de son riant berceau,
Ressemble à ces amours, fils divins du pinceau.
Parmi ces dieux charmans, qu'un art puissant fit naître,
Vout-on que l'œil séduit ne puisse reconnaître
Cet enfant dont la grace orna les premiers jours?
Qu'on l'arme du carquois, ou qu'on l'ôte aux amours.'

Poésies Européennes. By L. HALÉRY. Paris.

THIS celebrated Translator of Horace's Odes has undertaken to make his countrymen acquainted with Foreign Poetry, to which the French may be said to be total strangers: the first volume that has just appeared contains a great number of excellent imitations; one from Schiller, entitled, 'Le Partage de la Terre,' is deserving of the highest praise.

NOTICES OF ENGLISH BOOKS.

Sketches of Bermuda, or, Somers's Islands. By RICHARD COTTER. 8vo. pp. 69. London. Effingham Wilson. 1828.

THIS little volume comprises a good deal in a small space,—a desideratum not often obtained. People who have any thing to communicate are far too apt to invest their subject with imaginary importance, and to use much circumlocution in the treatment of it. Not so Mr. Cotter, in whose book 'all whom it may concern' will find every requisite information. After briefly glancing at the accidental discovery of the place, by the English, in the year 1593, the author proceeds to illustrate its present condition,—noticing its extent, state of commerce, of society, natural productions, &c.; and concludes by throwing out several judicious hints as to the possibility of its general improvement.

Analysis of the Character of Napoleon Buonaparte, suggested by the publication of Scott's Life of Napoleon. By W. G. CHANNING, L.L.D. London. Rainford. 1828.

THIS analysis appeared originally in the 'Christian Examiner,' a periodical work, published at Boston, was afterwards reprinted in a separate form in America, and is now naturalized amongst us. It is a very clever production, written with considerable eloquence, and by one who is evidently capable of looking steadily at the inequalities in a great man's character, and tracing them, as far as may be, to their source. Whilst the author states his opinion that Sir Walter Scott fell into many errors, he, at the same time, gives him credit for strict impartiality; and as we are not now reviewing the Baronet's work, we shall suffer the compliment to pass.

A Second Selection from the Papers of Addison, in the Spectator. By the Rev. E. BERENS, M.A. London. Rivington. 1828.

THE compiler, in his introduction, says, 'My former selection from Addison's Papers was made with a view to readers of every description and every rank in life. The present is intended for those whose literary education has been more advanced, and who have more leisure for light reading.' The useful task which Mr. Berens has proposed to himself, he seems to have executed with discretion and taste.

Punch and Judy. With Illustrations designed and engraved by Geo. Cruickshank. Accompanied by the Dialogue of the Puppet-Show, an account of its Origin, and of Puppet-Plays in England.

MR. CRUICKSHANK's reputation is already deservedly high, and the lovers of laughter (a pretty numerous race) will look over his present work with no small satisfaction. That man must, indeed, be possessed of superabundant gravity, who has never been tempted to pause a few minutes while Punch exhibits his humorous absurdities; and in the present volume they are transplanted with all their native originality and piquancy.

The series furnishes ample matter of mirth, particularly for the juvenile inspector; and it is rendered still more striking by contrast with the heavy-paied narrative that precedes it. Nonsense, extended through seventy-two pages, is quite unendurable.

PICTURES OF SOCIETY—DRAWN FROM LIFE,
BY A NOBLEMAN.

No. III.

Scene.—*Crochford's.**

'Ah! ne me rendez plus tous ces plaisirs tranquilles,
Qui du soir d'un beau jour raniment le déclin,
Rendez moi, rendez moi la fraîcheur du matin,
Et gardez du passé les souvenirs fétiles.'

On Friday last, I was sauntering through the splendid apartments of a Temple in St. James's Street, dedicated by Plutus to Fortune, when I saw among the throng of curious visitors, Sir George F., whose taste for the arts, varied conversational power and practical topography of every fashionable drawing room in London, render him a desirable *cicerone* at all times and in all places. 'Surely,' said I, addressing him, 'opulence can create nothing more wonderful than this. Imagination can conceive nothing more splendid!' 'Why,' I admit, 'replied Sir George, that the peristyle, the columns, the stair-cases, and indeed the whole plan, display a degree of talent which reflects honour on our English Vitruvius; and if the ornaments in these rooms were more simple and less loaded with gold; if the colouring of the walls were more harmonious; and if these splendid mirrors were hung so that one might see one's self and not merely be seen by other people, I should say with you, that this is the most splendid place in London. However, judging of the whole without criticising the details, I think the desired object has been attained, for every thing ought to appear magical in a place devoted to all sorts of delusion;—only see what a crowd of visitors curiosity has attracted hither. Here are the leading Members of the two Houses of Parliament, authors, statesmen, merchants, and ladies who are doubtless both surprised and delighted to find themselves for once within the doors of a Club-house. That old Gentleman near you is the elegant author of 'The Pleasures of Memory.' There is the author of 'Hadgi-Baba,' who, in this scene of Oriental splendour, may, perhaps, be reminded of the promised conclusion of his pretty romance which the public are impatiently looking for.†

The gentleman who is so assiduous in his attentions to that beautiful young lady, is the celebrated Lord Normanby, and the lady is Miss E——, a Sicilian by birth. That is Lord ——, whom these apartments may, perhaps, remind of some of the saloons in Paris, when he represented England, at the Court of France. There is the Duke of ——, who is so well remembered in Portugal. Yonder is a group of ladies whom one meets every where, and always with pleasure. Do you see Prince ——? He really endures his long exile with the stoicism of a Cato.' Sir George then pointed out to me several noblemen, one of whom he said had just arrived from Rome, another from Paris, and a third from Berlin. 'This swarm of fashionables,' continued he, 'after wandering about from place to place, return, like swallows, every spring to spend the season in London. Does not this crowd of various characters resemble a masked ball without dominos?' 'Oh, Sir George! Talking of masked balls, do you remember those which were given at the *Salon des Etrangers* during the Peace of Amiens?' 'Yes, to be sure I do; and I also remember the Marquis de Livry, who used to do the honours with so good a grace. The best society in Europe was then assembled in Paris; and France, restored to peace after the sanguinary storms of the revolution, seemed eager to seize on any amusement which might help to banish the recollection of her troubles.

* Ouvrard's *Hunting Party*, which was to have formed the subject of No. III., is for the present postponed.

† This work is already announced under the title of 'Hadgi-Baba in England.'

The *Salon des Etrangers* used then to be as crowded as these apartments are now. What desperate play have I witnessed there. I have seen 300,000 francs lost at a single throw. And then the quadrilles and the opera-dancers;—Dupont, Vestris, Bigotini, and Millere, used to vie with each other in heightening the entertainments of the evening; and the suppers served by Robert, in the utmost extreme of gastronomic luxury, not at a single, but at several tables; so that one could choose one's company as well as one's dishes.' 'Yes, Sir George, and I remember one of your countrymen who regularly gave the waiter a louis whenever he asked for anything. One evening, after having received about six of these generous presents, the astonished waiter said, "My Lord, perhaps you are not aware that you do not pay here." "No matter, my good fellow," said the Englishman coolly; "when a man has staked 100,000 francs on a card, he may well afford to give away a few louis to improve his supper." What numbers of people of all ranks, and of both sexes, used, under the disguise of those dominos, to risk in a single night the fruits of twenty years' labour and economy! What intrigues in love and politics were carried on by the help of the mask! How many were seeking each other without having the good fortune to meet, while others were jostled together while they were endeavouring to keep apart. I recollect once being witness to a very extraordinary scene at one of the balls. It was near two o'clock. The crowd was immense, and the heat excessive. Madame Roger,* who was leaning on my arm, felt faint, and begged that I would conduct her out of the room. I found the Marquis de Livry at his post, and he requested us to step up to his apartments which were on the upper story. The cool air and some cordials soon revived Madame Roger, and we were preparing to go down stairs again, when our attention was arrested by a very animated conversation which was going on in an adjoining apartment. Beaumarchais says, that one must listen in order to hear. And suspecting that it was some masquerade intrigue, we approached the partition, and we heard the voices of two women. However, as the subject of the conversation appeared to be of very little interest to any but themselves, we once more prepared to go down stairs, when to our astonishment we heard one of them pronounce the name of Buonaparte. This talismanic sound riveted our attention. We listened again, and we heard one of the interlocutors say to the other:—I solemnly declare, my dear Theresina, that I have done every thing that friendship could dictate, though in vain. No longer back than this morning, I made a new effort; but he would hear nothing I had to say: and I am at a loss to conceive who has so strongly prepossessed him against you. You are the only woman whose name he has erased from the list of my intimate friends, and it is through the fear that he might show his displeasure to you personally, (which would for ever distress me,) that I have ventured to come here alone with my son. At this moment they think me soundly asleep at the Chateau; but I was determined to come and warn you, and above all, to console you and to justify myself.' 'I never doubted the kindness of your heart nor the sincerity of your attachment for me, Josephine,' replied the other lady, 'and heaven knows, that the loss of your friendship would be a thousand times more distressing to me than the displeasure of Buonaparte. My conduct, in these difficult times, has been of such a nature that it might be thought an honour to receive my visits; but assuredly I shall not intrude upon you, without his consent. He was not Consul when Talien followed him to Egypt—when I received you both at my house—when I shared with you' . . .

* Now Countess de Montholon. I lately met her in London, since her return from St. Helena; her attachment to her husband having induced her to follow Buonaparte in his exile.

Here sobs interrupted the voice of the speaker. 'Compose yourself, my dear Theresina,—let the storm blow over—I am trying to bring about a reconciliation; but we must not irritate him further. You know he does not like Ouvrard; and, it is said, that he constantly visits you'— 'What then! because he rules France, does he wish to tyrannize over all our firesides? Must we sacrifice to him even our private friendships?' As she was uttering these words, a knock was heard at the door.

It was Eugene Beauharnois, who had been seeking his mother every where. 'Madam,' said he, 'you have been absent more than an hour: the Council of Ministers is, perhaps, broken up; what will the First Consul say, if he do not find you at home on his return? The company dispersed slowly, and Madame Roger said to me, as we were going down stairs, "We may now leave the ball." We had doubtless witnessed a most interesting scene, for one of the two ladies was afterwards Empress of France, and the other was Madame Talien,* to whom France was indebted for the fall of Robespierre. "At that period every occurrence had a magical effect," said Sir George, "every thing in the age seemed destined to be extraordinary, like the extraordinary man of the age."

As there was, at this party in St. James' Street, neither dancing nor music, we were soon fatigued with the glare of the lamps and the brilliancy of the gildings; and about midnight, every body began to drop down to the refreshment rooms. I there found a kind and amiable friend, Mr. L——, who, as soon as he saw me, approached and asked me whether I knew the master of this splendid palace. 'No,' said I, 'but I should like much to see him.' We found him in the vestibule, standing under the enormous chandelier, which reminds one of the lantern of Panurge, where he was busily employed in paying his devoirs to all who came and went. 'Such as you see him,' said Mr. L——, 'he is a great man at Newmarket, and every race-course in the kingdom. Nobody knows so well how to bet.' 'He does not perhaps know so well,' said Sir George, 'how to do the honours of a drawing-room, as your Marquis de Livry in the Paris circle; but you may see, by the kind of company around him, that he will be very unlucky indeed, if he do not soon become fitted for the most fashionable society.' 'Oh! I can easily perceive that,' I replied, 'and I may confirm the observation, by repeating the happy thought of one of your authors, who compares men to pebbles in a river, whose rude angles are worn off and rounded by collision.'

NAVARINO, PYLOS.—BURFORD'S PANORAMA,
STRAND.

NAVARINO would have proved an excellent subject for a panorama, independently of the event which has recently drawn so much attention to the spot, and excited in it so much interest.

The site itself of the late engagement is an example of the loveliness of Grecian scenery. The spacious bay, whose waters are of that deep blue peculiar to southern climes, where the heavens they reflect are pure and cloudless, is enclosed by a picturesque range of majestic mountains, whose flanks, broken into ridges warmed

* Mademoiselle Gabarcos, the daughter of a Spanish banker, and one of the finest women of her time, married Talien to save the life of her father. At the epoch of the 8th Fructidor, some deputies, who had been placed on the proscription list by Robespierre, wished to delay the attack upon him in the Convention. Madame Talien, who had brought them together in her house, finding that they were hesitating, addressed them in the following terms: 'Cowards, since you will not deliver France of this monster, you shall not live to see the destruction of your country, for I will immediately send him your names.' This bold declamation electrified them. Next day Robespierre ceased to exist. Madame Talien is now married to the Prince de Chinary.

and brightened by the sun, and into valleys, whose deep recesses collect in their flight the dissipated shadows, present those sublime effects of light and shade, which the hand of nature, and of nature only, can produce. These mountains, as they rise above the mass formed by their intermingled bases, divide into peaks, often bold and rugged; and where opposed to the meridian sun, their divers hues heightened by its rays, form a delightful contrast of colour with the deep azure of the sky on which the summits trace their outline. The shores are varied by promontories, whitened by the foam of the waves breaking incessantly at their feet, and by receding creeks, on whose shelving beach the surff waters advance and retire without obstruction. On one side, the modern Navarino, with its walls and citadel and bastion, rises on the steep declivity of the cone-topped Mount Temathia; and on the other, the ruins of old Navarino, the Pylos of the ancients, the city of the venerable son of Neleus, crown the heights. Off the point, in which the land here terminates, the Coryphaion of the Lacedæmonians, lies the rocky island of Sphacteria, so celebrated in the annals of Greece, closing and defending the entrance to the bay.

Associations of the deepest interest heighten to the classical spectator the charm of scenery. Mount Ithome, as he retires from the shores of the bay, presents to him in the distance its aerial summit, which his imagination crowns with the temple of the Ithomian Jupiter. From contemplating the theatre of the struggles of the brave and unfortunate Messenians against their austere and unrelenting enemy, he feels a satisfaction on turning to the island of Sphacteria, the scene of one of the most signal disgraces ever experienced by the haughty Laconians at the hands of their Attic rivals.

It was in the spring of the seventh year of the Peloponnesian war, that while the Lacedæmonians, already encamped in the Attic territory were ravaging the surrounding country, the Athenian navy, on a voyage to Corcyra, was driven by stress of weather into the bay of Pylos. The crews, at the persuasion of their leader Demosthenes, or rather to relieve the tedium of inaction while waiting for more favourable winds, landed on the coast, constructed some slight fortifications at Pylos or Coryphaion, and there left a garrison on the very soil of their enemy.

The Peloponnesians then abandoning Attica, hastened to the aid of Pylos, and were there joined by their galleys, which, transported over the isthmus of Leucas, passed from Corcyra unobserved by the Athenian fleet stationed at Zacynthus.

Their land and sea forces thus assembled, the Spartans, confident from the weakness of the recently-erected fortifications, that they should find little difficulty in dislodging the Athenians from their position, provided they could prevent the arrival of the fleet from Zacynthus to their succour, took possession of the island of Sphacteria with four hundred men at arms, in order to bar the mouth of the harbour. The island is described as lying opposite and near to Pylos, as contributing to render the haven secure, and as effectually commanding its narrow entrances. One of these—that on the side of Pylos and the Athenian fortification, admitted only two galleys abreast; the other, between the islands and the opposite horn of the bay, allowed a passage for eight or nine.

With this precaution against the arrival of the Athenian fleet, the Spartans hastened to commence the assault of the entrenchments at Pylos. The contest lasted the whole of one day, and part of the succeeding. It is remarked as a singularity in the circumstances of the combatants, that the Athenians, whose strength lay in their navy, fought from on land, and that land Laconia, against Lacedæmonians in galleys; whilst the Lacedæmonians, whose power consisted in their land forces, had to contend from the sea for their own shores, fortified against them. The Athenians resisted successfully the attacks of their assailants, and the Spartans repulsed, had withdrawn from the assault, when the attention of the two parties was called to the side of the sea by the approach of the Athenian fleet from Zacynthus. The Attic armament presented itself at the entrance of the harbour, and endeavoured to provoke the Spartan galleys moored within the bay to come out and engage. The Peloponnesians declined the challenge: they neither advanced to general battle; nor moved to dispute the entrance to the harbour. They were content with manning their galleys and preparing to fight at their anchorage, should they be assailed.

The Athenians resolved on entering the bay, and attacking the Peloponnesians in their station: accordingly on a signal given they sailed into the harbour by both entrances, and passing the island without molestation, bore down on the Peloponnesian fleet, forced their lines, and put their galleys to flight. The Lacedæ-

monians, however, although routed at the onset, rallied in the sequel, and before the engagement terminated, were able, with the aid of their forces on shore, to recover a great part of their vessels. But no hope then remained to them of dispossessing the Athenians of Pylos. They could not even prevent them from intercepting the four hundred Spartans stationed in Sphacteria, from whom the Athenian galleys cruising about the island cut off all means of relief. They, therefore, sued for a truce, which was immediately concluded; and Lacedæmonian ambassadors were despatched to Athens to negotiate a peace: but the Athenians, elated by the favourable circumstances of the moment, and by the consideration of having the four hundred Lacedæmonians shut up in Sphacteria, exacted conditions too humiliating for Spartan pride to submit to. The armistice was allowed to expire, and Pylos and its bay and neighbourhood became again the scene of action.

The Athenians, reinforced by thirty galleys, continued with their whole force, which now amounted to seventy sail, to maintain a strict blockade of Sphacteria, and to intercept all succour from the unfortunate four hundred; while the Lacedæmonians made repeated assaults on the Athenian entrenchments on the continent, and anxiously sought for opportunities of relieving or saving their comrades in the island.

At Athens, in the mean time, the boasting orator, Cleon, at once the buffoon and butt of the Athenians; and their counsellor at home and captain abroad, reproaching Nicias with want of energy in the reduction of Sphacteria, and vaunting that within twenty days, he would either bring the Spartans there shut up captives to Athens, or leave them corpses on the island; the Athenians moved to laughter at his rhodomantade, although not expecting any favourable result from the exertions of a man so contemptible, forced on him the command of a fresh expedition for the purpose of taking possession of the island and capturing the Lacedæmonian garrison. Taken thus in his own snare, he had not sufficient assurance to express his wish to recede. He therefore accepted the charge, and having named Demosthenes, who was already at Pylos, and whom he knew to be desirous of accomplishing the capture of Sphacteria as his associate, he departed.

On the arrival at Pylos of Cleon, with the reinforcement from Athens, Demosthenes required the Lacedæmonians who were on the continent, to give orders to the four hundred men on the island to yield themselves to the Athenians. This demand being refused, he united the forces which had accompanied Cleon, with those which he had before under his command, excepting a necessary garrison for his entrenchments, and sailed during the night for Sphacteria. Before day he effected a landing on the island unperceived by the Spartans, and having slaughtered their watch, disembarked his whole force without opposition. The surviving Lacedæmonians made an obstinate resistance, and after being driven from the level part of the island by the skilful manœuvres of Demosthenes, betook themselves to the fort situated on a cliff, defended on one side by the sea, and naturally difficult of access on that of the land. There, aided by the favourable position, they withstood with success the violent assaults of their besiegers, until the Captain of the Messenians, at the head of a body of archers, ascended by a secret way, deemed inaccessible, and therefore left undefended, and having attained the summit unseen by the Lacedæmonians, came upon their rear. Charged, then, before and behind, the brave four hundred found themselves in circumstances such as the heroic band of Leonidas were placed in at Thermopylæ. Hemmed in and pressed by the Athenians they still fought as they retreated, and, like their ancestors, would have fallen on the spot. But Cleon and Demosthenes desiring to have them captive rather than slain, withheld their troops from the advance, and proclaimed the offer of life and lenient treatment to such as should surrender. The greater part immediately threw down their bucklers, and shook their hands above their heads, to signify their acceptance of the proffered quarter; and the whole body of survivors, to the number of two hundred and ninety two, surrendered themselves prisoners at discretion, and were conveyed away to Athens on board the galleys of their enemy.

Thus the boast of Cleon, senseless as it was considered by his fellow-citizens, was accomplished, and before twenty days had elapsed, he had brought captive to Athens the Lacedæmonian garrison of Sphacteria.

Two-and-twenty centuries have elapsed since the Athenian and Spartan triremes struggled for mastery in the bay of Pylos, and again the beautiful haven has become the theatre of strife for hostile navies. Yet, how different the scene! In the place of contests

between flotillas of galleys, manœuvring to sink their antagonists by the simple blow of a rostrum; instead of combats hand to hand, with sword and buckler; the vast three deckers of modern nations make the shores of Navarin echo with their artillery. The clamour of the combatants is drowned in the roar of the cannon, and in the explosion of floating fortresses. Rival nations no longer contending, but now inspired by mutual emulation, seem animated by the more generous sentiments of our nature—by feelings such as those which Napoleon knew how to touch with effect, as incentives to glorious deeds, when within sight of the pyramids of Egypt, he reminded his troops that twenty ages looked down upon their actions.

Doubtless such feelings were present, and inspired enthusiasm and courage in the great exploit which has terminated the unequal struggle between the descendants of Demosthenes and Brasidas, and their barbarian oppressors. May it also prove a basis on which the regeneration of the inhabitants of the classic soil may be raised!

The union of natural attractions, and of classical associations, to which we have drawn the attention of our readers, with the fresh interest which the recent event has excited, cannot fail to induce Englishmen of all classes to flock to Mr. Burford's Panorama of Navarino; nor, when there, will they meet with disappointment. Not a single charm of illusion will be dissipated. The picture before them will realize their ideas of the lovely scenery of Greece. They will contemplate with emotion the interesting site of the ancient struggles of the two rival states, whose annals are the records of exploits than which succeeding ages present nothing more glorious; while, with self-gratulation unrestrained, they regard the representation of the scene in which their brave countrymen, conjoined hand and heart with allies against whom they had for years been arrayed as foes, have earned fresh laurels and have conquered in the holy cause of liberty and humanity.

As a work of art, Mr. Burford's Panorama is a very successful effort. The composition is grand and effective, and the colouring most powerful. If consciousness of the absence of the noise and bustle of the real combat obtrude itself; and the incongruity of the silence which pervades the exhibition with the havoc and explosion which we contemplate, forces itself on the attention; this but bespeaks the merit of the work, which is so near to life, that it makes us sensible to every thing that is wanting to render it an actual scene. The fault lies in the subject, not in the artist. On this account we look forward with satisfaction to the prospect held out to us of witnessing, from the able pencil of Mr. Burford, a subject better suited for a Panorama in that delightful scene, the Bay of Genoa.

Since writing the above, we have had an opportunity of seeing a very extensive and beautiful collection of Drawings of Navarino, and the scenes we have described, made by Mr. George Reinagle, son of the Royal Academician, who was present in an English ship of war during the whole of the late battle, and drew the several vessels of the combined fleets, under all their varied evolutions on the spot. We can confidently pronounce the drawings to be masterly both as to style of art, and technical accuracy; and we learn with much pleasure, that this young and promising artist is preparing, from the whole a series for publication, in a bold style of lithographic drawing, and at a price which will render so popular a subject accessible to all the lovers of marine scenery.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first general meeting of this Society for the year 1828, took place last Thursday evening, at the Argyle-Rooms, for the purpose of a trial night, as it is termed, in contradistinction to a regular rehearsal or concert, it being a trial of new compositions or performers, or a practice of such pieces, as may, or may not, be chosen afterwards for a concert. The changes in the orchestra were not very numerous; one, however, was very remarkable, namely, the re-appearance (after seven or eight years absence) of Mr. Weichsell! which to the greater number, (if not to every performer in the orchestra,) was a source of sincere and high gratification; for of all the leaders and solo violinists that have held sway in the musical world for the last half century, no man has been so

universally esteemed at the head of an orchestra, whether as a gentleman or man of efficient talent, as Mr. Weichsell. He will fill the place left vacant by poor Kiesewetter, and although we sincerely lament the loss of the latter, we must still rejoice at the return of the former. The other changes were Mr. F. Ware as first viola, in the place of R. Ashley, who resigns, (in consequence of the directors not acceding to an augmentation of terms,) and Mr. Chipp from Covent-Garden Theatre, at the drums, in the place of Jenkinson, who has become invalided.

The principal occupation of the evening, was a practice of Beethoven's ninth (and we believe last) grand vocal symphony, which he was engaged a few years since expressly to compose for the Philharmonic Society, at the price of 200 guineas. This employed the orchestra, augmented by the vocal assistance of the Misses Cawse, and Messrs. Horncastle and Taylor, (of Norwich,) and a chorus of many voices, besides a military band, for upwards of two hours. The orchestra was ably led by Signor Spagnoletti, and the piece well conducted by Sir G. Smart; and every individual of this numerous assemblage of talent seemed to use the warmest and most anxious efforts to do justice to one of the most extraordinary and voluminous productions of Beethoven's eccentricity.

It would not only be a difficult, but too long a task for us to endeavour to describe this unparalleled symphony, which the author terms triumphant, but which certainly exhibits occasionally a wildness not quite compatible with reason. Sometimes the auditor is reminded of the old English airs, '*How imperfect is expression*,' and '*Glorious Apollo*;' sometimes the music in Macbeth; then all the violoncellos and double basses have to perform that, which is generally the vocal part of a recitative, accompanied by the wind instruments; after this the bassoon and drum (a delightful association) commence a sort of quick step; then all the voices are employed in conjunction with the orchestra; and at length, forth burst those fearful auxiliaries in a Concert Room, the cymbals, triangle, side-drum, &c. And the piece concludes with exactly the effect, (and produced by many of the same performers,) which we remember to have heard at Vauxhall, when Madame Saqui ran up the tight rope amidst the fireworks!

Notwithstanding these extravagances, there are bright portions of taste and genius, occasionally occurring, which are equal in beauty to any of the former compositions of the great master; we can only lament that they are so 'few and far between.' After this, a very clever Overture was tried twice, composed by a young aspirant for musical fame, of the name of Hill, (son of the performer upon the double bass, and partner with Monzani, in Regent Street.) This was led by Mori, and conducted by the author.

The last trial was of another Overture, also very cleverly written by H. Griesbach, (the eminent teacher of the Piano-forte,) who conducted it himself, with the leading of F. Cramer.

The first of these Overtures reminded us a little of poor Weber, and the second of Romberg; but they were both very cleverly imagined, ably performed, and creditable to the rising Musical School of England.

We trust, that the Directors of the Philharmonic for the present Season, will cause both these Overtures to be performed at the Concerts, an honor which they truly deserve; and we more particularly urge this on their attention, because on former and similar occasions, party-prejudice, favoritism, and intrigue have operated to the exclusion of many such talented instrumental pieces, written in this country. We have a long story to tell of a schism that has lately arisen between the Members and Associates of the Philharmonic Society, but the exposé must occupy some future number of THE ATHENÆUM.

LETTERS OF CRITO.—No. III.

CRITICAL QUALIFICATIONS OF MR. LOCKHART, AS EDITOR OF THE 'QUARTERLY REVIEW.'

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

'In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share.'

SIR,—Having in my last Letter set forth the inflated panegyric on his relation, with which the taste of the conductor of 'THE QUARTERLY' has permitted him to overwhelm that excellent person, will now come to his proofs; and surely never was structure so wonderful, raised upon foundations so miserable. Here, therefore, I cannot but remember your epigrammatic remark upon Mr. Lockhart's judgments, that they resembled the decrees of certain judges in the courts of law. Given without reasons, they might have been submitted to; given with reasons, they have always been overturned. So here, had the Editor of 'THE QUARTERLY' left the panegyric to be worked out, as it might, by the reader himself, with many at least it might have been taken on trust, and the majority possibly might have 'wondered with a foolish face of praise.' But the Reviewer has a nobler ambition, and in proud confidence, resolves to give his reasons. Yet many literary persons, whose favourable judgments would not dishonour Sir Walter Scott, do not agree with his Reviewer in many of his positions. They do not, for example, see with him, that 'wild grace, and delicate romance,' which he says are to be found in 'The First Tale of the Crusaders.' The mailed knights, and squires of a brutal age, have in fact long lost their charms. They come not within the prophecy of Horace, '*Decies repetita*.' We are absolutely tired of them, and sigh for a little mind. For this, in 'The First Tale,' with the exception of the fine scene between the Archbishop and Lacy, (the solitary gem in the book,) we look in vain; while of this gem, incredible as it may seem, the judgment of the Critic has not permitted him to say a single word. Those who have read this scene, must have felt, that in no other has our modern Shakespeare shown more discriminating knowledge of all the fine shades that mark the workings of the human heart, the motives by which the most stubborn, as well as the most powerful may be persuaded, and made to bend from their purpose, by a superior mind. As a painter, as well as a dramatist, Sir Walter Scott shows himself here in all the revelry of his art, and yet all is passed over unnoticed, as if it did not exist, by this puny, rapid, and miserable criticism.

On the second tale of *The Crusaders*, 'The Talisman,' we agree with the Reviewer, that it is of a different and higher character than the betrothed, but not for the reasons stated. For instance, we cannot with the Critic admire the *chivalry* of that obtuse grenadier, the hero, Sir Kenneth, who inspires us with about as much feeling as any other grenadier in the camp. In truth, he can do nothing but fight; and being the son of the King of Scotland and heir to the throne, his submission to a sentence of death for a breach of military discipline, like the meanest soldier, when a dignified assertion of himself might have saved him, argues poorly for the plastic power, and proves any thing but what the Author and his Reviewer would have us infer. It may be said, indeed, this submission arises from his own keen sense of misconduct; but not only does his own portrait deny such sensibility, but even if he had it, his not being able to see that from his station he was above such a sacrifice, proves the stupidity of the hero, of which we complain. In short, we give not our sympathies to mere courage with a blunt intellect; and it is the height of extravagance to suppose that a princess, a lady of hall or bower, or any lady but a lady's maid, could honour such a life-guardsmen with her love. For a delicate or royal hand to scatter roses at such splay feet, shocks all credulity, reasonable or unreasonable.

In the same Tale there are two hideous excrescences, distortions of nature, and like all distortions disgusting. These we humbly conceive the author has by mistake, permitted to obtrude themselves on his canvas; yet these the filial admiration of his Critic, induces him to call '*graceful and grotesque embellishments*.' You will anticipate that I mean the dwarfs, and we may gather what they are, from the following specimens. These deformities, male and female, being actually described as frightful in appearance, of *misshapen limbs, seeming abortions*, and of extreme ugliness of countenance and person, emit yells and ghastly sounds. The male upon being asked who he is, replies,

'I am Neetabanus,' and I,' says the female, 'Gucnevra, his lady and his love.' 'I am Mohammed Mohadi the conductor of the faithful,' says Neetabanus, 'and this is one of my hours;'

'Thou liest,' answers the female, 'I am none of thy hours, I tell thee, thou art of Issachar; thou art King Arthur of Britain, whom the fairies stole from the field of Avalon, and I am Dame Guenevre, famed for her beauty.'

We could go on, but from this short example, we may gather what Mr. Lockhart's notion is of that all-performing, all superior fusing power, which he so blindly worships. At any rate, from the language he has applied, or allowed to be applied, to this picture, we gather his idea of a '*graceful embellishment*.' Yet who will believe that he who could dwell upon such deformities as graces, so little understands the real character of what he so much affects to admire,—Imagination—as to dismiss this really beautiful 'Tale,' with no other notice of the true heroes, Richard and Saladin, than the cold abortion of a remark, 'that the one has 'leonine bravery,' the other 'excellent attributes.' The unconquerable mind of Richard, the bursting of his heart at his inaction, his noble indignation at the cowardly envy of his rivals, his magnanimity, his generosity and sensibility to the arts of the muse, in short, all that makes him amiable, and all that makes him great, are cast on one side, and the Critic is wretchedly content with the poverty-struck tribute we have mentioned, that this favourite of history and romance had 'leonine bravery.'

If we pursue the Reviewer into another of the Novels mentioned, 'Red Gauntlet,' we find the same want of the true critical perception; in other words, the same admiration of what does not deserve it, and the same blindness to what does. Herries of Berensworth, for example, has all the soul of a hero. His greatness and firmness of purpose form the most prominent interest of the Romance. Yet he is dismissed with the simple intimation, that he is another Fergus M'Ivor, from whom he is as different, as generosity is from selfishness, or honesty from intrigue. Both are Jacobites, and here the resemblance ends. Fergus is described as having an intriguing French head, and his political feelings fall in most piously with his ideas of his own interest. Herries would never have tried to draw blood from a rich English heir, because he felt disappointed at a relaxation in his attentions to his poorer sister: nor would Fergus have shut himself up in a monastery rather than acknowledge the reigning family, when all was lost. We shrewdly suspect that had the earldom been offered by George, when despairing of from James, and a pension attached to it, the M'Ivor virtue would not have been immaculate. The other portraits in this novel, of which a review is pretended, are barely named; with not even an accompanying note of their characters or history, except that they are classed generically, with other antecedent characters, in the author's works, save and except one, on which, if the Critic is sincere, a pretty accurate estimate may be formed of the real nature of his own taste. For while Herries is passed over, in freezing apathy, the teasing drunken bore, Peter Peebles, is thought as *vigorous a sketch* as the being we most love of all the author's lovable beings, the mind-exciting, inimitable Bradwardine.

This discovery of transcendent merit, where the author probably never discovered it himself, is still more visible when the Reviewer glances at Waverley. On this first and greatest creation of the author, he bursts out with the following tirade; eloquent, but for an unlucky slip he has made about the understanding.

'The familiar and romantic,' says the Reviewer, 'the gay and the grave, are blended and harmonized with peculiar grace and vigour. The author seems impatient to sparkle, and be witty,—to relieve his teeming fancy of its inventions, and his understanding of its stores of fiction and story, for the embellishment of his narrative. The spirit of poetry is breathing all about, and glancing upon it in its happiest lights, and the most amiable aspects.'

Here it is evident that, with his characteristic want of accuracy, the Reviewer has mistaken the understanding for the memory, which alone (not the understanding) can 'be stored with fiction and story.' What he meant, however, may be true, yet what is the truth? Why, the tale of Mrs. Rachel, who tells us of a female who had lived and died a maid for the sake of her lover, and when she found herself sinking, caused the carpets where he had died of his wounds, to be raised, that she might trace the impression of his blood.

'And if tears could wash it out,' says Mrs. Rachel, 'it would not be there now, for there was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropped around her, without a gust of wind; and indeed she looked as if she would never see them green again.'

With this prettiness, for it is no more, the Reviewer is in such raptures, that he calls it an instance of *prodigality*, arising from a confidence in abundant resources. It is 'an effusion,' says he, 'of poetry and feeling,' and 'the writer who could afford this expense of fancy, on

such an occasion, must have felt satisfied of the sufficiency of his resources.'

You, Sir, will perhaps wish to be equally satisfied of the sufficiency of the criticism, and Sir Walter Scott himself must, I think, have been amused by this worship in his admirer. He must have felt like Iriote in the *Femmes Savantes*, who did not know his own merit till he was told of it:

'Mais quand vous avez fait ce charmant quoi qu'on dit, Avez vous compris, vous toute son énergie! Songiez vous bien, vous même, à tout ce qu'il nous dit Et pensiez vous alors y mettre tant d'esprit.'

Pass we, however, to other, and certainly more deeplying proofs of critical acumen.

Fenella, in 'Peveril of the Peak,' is called, by the Reviewer, 'one of the most delightful inventions of the author.' According to him—

'She is so interesting, that we reluctantly admit that her deficiencies of speech and hearing were only assumed for a sinister and destructive purpose; for in her, says he, there are noble elements, though doubtless inconsistent with her education and station.'

Fenella is a rope-dancer, sold early to a mountebank, who spoils her growth by starvation, and makes money of her, by exhibiting her in mobs and fairs. She is rescued from this misery, probably from infamy, and nursed in kindness and protection, by the generous Lady Derby; and the 'noble elements,' which the Critic has discovered in her, are only a determined perseverance, at the expense of immense privations, in a scheme to ruin and murder her benefactor. This is what is so softly called, a *sinister and destructive purpose*. It is true she loves, and is slighted, and for this we pity her. In all other respects she is a furious, as well as an artful *femme aventurière*, deprived of all respect, from the moment her imposture and real character are discovered. But though this may be called a sin of commission, the sin of omission, in the review of this novel, is even greater. For we scarcely can believe that a person claiming to be a man of taste, should so write of Fenella, and omit Bridgenorth, the giant of the story. His virtue, though stern and mistaken, is inextinguishable; and its very gloom sets off more amiable points, in an original kind nature. Yet with such a figure starting from the canvas, and twenty light and frolic images to boot, Fenella is the only character which the Reviewer mentions, and in that character, as we see, he is mistaken.

These omissions would alone, in my humble judgment, prove fatal to Mr. Lockhart's character as a critic. The amiable hilarity, the wit, penetration, good manners, and good humour, of Charles, are such favourite objects of our interest, that whether in fiction, or real story, the heart, as well as the mind, devours them whenever found; and no where are they found in such identity as in these brilliant sketches. It is Hamilton, or Grammont himself, that speaks to us. So also in Buckingham,—who is even here still more identified. Never, we will answer for it, was the buffoon statesman, the genius always changeable, always profligate, yet ever sparkling, ever able, so presented to us; and yet, who but must lose himself in astonishment, that a Reviewer (himself a writer of romance) should pass all these over in forlorn silence.

We proceed only to encounter still greater poverty of observation, when we come to the other novels enumerated in the same article. Of these, as proper vehicles for the great panegyric, still less as actors in their stories, no man alive, from the criticism, can form a conception; scarcely even a mention of them is made beyond their titles. How are we to discover any thing critically of the story, or any thing at all from such an account of St. Rovan's Well as this? 'That it is founded on fiction, and that, notwithstanding the beautiful character of *'Clara Mowbray'*, it is not one of the happiest efforts of its author.' This may be a very good reason why a Critic who worships him, should decline saying more; but our question is, Is it criticism?—Is it a review?—Is it any thing?—Such then are the meagre proofs which the filial piety or taste of Mr. Lockhart has adduced or approved, in support of that high-flown panegyric, which we made the ground work of these strictures: such also the astonishing omission as to the real merit of the great author who is thus exalted, and thus neglected. How all this is to be reconciled with a character for critical faculties, it is for others to explain. For ourselves, in the opinions and reasoning we have canvassed, we look in vain for that acumen, clearness, tact, or sensibility, which are at least as essential in the formation of an accomplished Critic, as the higher qualities of justice, and freedom from prejudice. But here we are stopped by a consideration that we have no proof before us that the article in the Quarterly, which we have been canvassing, was actually written

by its Editor. We answer that this makes no difference whatsoever in the opinions we have been forced to form of the mental faculty which could sanction, if it did not compose such criticism. Whether actually written, or only approved by the Editor, by publishing, he has made it his own. He is responsible for every line of it; for every purpose of examination, it is his. It has his seal and signature; his are the sentiments; his the language; his the inflation; his the poverty; and his therefore the discredit.

It is most curious, but most true, that in the very act of preparing these passages for the press, we have seen a letter, which has been volunteered since the last Number of THE ATHENÆUM, (and which, coming from a Gentleman, must be believed,) asserting, that the article on Historical Romance, was written by another critic,—not Mr. Lockhart; and it is but justice to the latter Gentleman to promulge this. It may make some, but (for the reasons above given) very little difference. Mr. Lockhart has adopted the whole, by passing it through his hands to the public, and we know not that he has not made ample corrections and additions of his own. That he did not do so, is no where asserted in the letter alluded to; and his other known Reviews, and his own works exhibit so peculiar a character, that the article shows much internal evidence of his hand having been there. In his known Reviews, he *fuzes*; in this article, he *fuzes*. In his known Reviews, he is *German*; in this article, he is eminently *German*. In his known Reviews, his omissions would vitiate any judgment that could be pronounced;—in this article, the same omissions are absolutely fatal. We were at first glad to think that he might not have written what is so rudely said of Mr. Smith; but notwithstanding the letter, we are not informed that he did not; and the fresh abuse of that Gentleman, uncalled for, and sought out with tortuous industry, in the last Quarterly, makes us shrewdly suspect that our well-meaning informant may have been more well-meaning than accurate. At any rate, we are glad of the letter, as it shows the impression made by THE ATHENÆUM, and, at any rate, the Criticism is a sample of the Quarterly Review.

Having disposed of this objection, we pass to another example of those admirable judicial powers in the same province of Belles Letters, which have marked the progress of the Quarterly ever since the present Editor assumed the superintendence,—we mean the Review of Mr. Milman's classical Dramatic Poem of Anne Boleyn. Possibly upon this, too, we may be told, that the Editor is not the actual Author; to this we return the same answer as before. He has adopted it; but had he not done so, there is a delightful mysticism in it; a magnificent obscurity of meaning; together with an imposing oracular tone, in lieu of clear intelligible opinions, which leaves little doubt, that if his hand did not hold the pen, his taste influenced its direction. Our first complaint of this Review is, that there is a great mistake as to the title. For, in fact, instead of being a Review of Anne Boleyn by Mr. Milman, it is that of Henry VIII., by Shakspeare. Thus, while we are anxious to know how our ingenious modern countryman has treated his subject, the Reviewer tells us, that Mr. Milman is an accomplished writer, but Shakspeare is a better. The last, we dare to say, Mr. Milman never contested;—we mention this, not merely to complain of it as regards Mr. Milman, but also to point out another proof, among many, of the opinion we have been forced to form of the want of precision in his critic. The whole, indeed, of our previous discussion shows this in exuberant demonstration; and Mr. Milman, therefore, need not be surprised, though he may lament, that so excellent an effort of genius as his Dramatic Poem, has not met, we will not say with fairer, but with more competent criticism.

That this may not be thought too severe, we ask, what has the inquiry into the character of Cardinal Wolsey to do with the delineation of Angelo Caraffa? There is no one thing in common between them, except that they are churchmen. In every thing else that can form a character, or excite to action, they are as wide as east and west. The one is crafty, clear sighted, devoted to state politics, and temporal ambition; the other conscientious, but blind and bigoted; personally disinterested but self-deceiving, and his whole soul devoted to the Catholic Church. How can such men be compared?

The Reviewer says, that Wolsey may be considered as a *symbol* of the ambition of his church. We doubt this. The ambition of the church of Rome, is to reign over the consciences of men, and through them it obtains many temporal advantages. But still the prime object is spiritual dominion, and of this the conduct of Caraffa is symbolical, but not the conduct of Wolsey. Wolsey was a statesman, and a politician; the Riche-

lieu and Mazarin of his time; his ambition was no more of a spiritual nature than that of the profligate, blasphemous Dubois. It is in the very essence of that confusion of mind we have so often noticed, that this remark has been made. Having supposed himself right, however, the Reviewer almost immediately quits Mr. Milman, and opening his Shakspeare, gives us very copious extracts from Henry VIII., not only upon the life and character of Wolsey, but upon his illness and death, which have no bearing whatever upon any one point in the character of Caraffa. Being however, as we all know, very affecting and very fine, he then bursts out with 'thus it always is with Shakspeare;' meaning to imply (though he dare not say so) that because Shakspeare has so much genius, Mr. Milman has none. No one denies the superiority of Shakspeare; but what has this to do with Mr. Milman's poem of Anne Boleyn?

Then, however, follows the mysticism to which we have before adverted, about a plastic genius, which, as well as Scott's, is nature, and works like her; about intellectual abstractions and forms, and combinations that are intuitive, not conceived but conatural portions of humanity.

For heaven's sake, when will this sort of cant on criticism be laid aside, for a little plainness and common sense? When will Mr. Lockhart be taught to believe, that he may be as respectable a gentleman in plain clothes, and walking firmly, though modestly, on plain ground, as when tricked out in tawdry tinsel, and tottering upon stilts? Thus, however, it pleases the present Editor of the 'Quarterly' to write himself, or to approve in another who writes for him. As might be expected, he afterwards tells us that Mr. Milman's Caraffa, is not an airy nothing, which the poet's pen has turned to shape, (which, being Shakspeare's, of course is very good,) but 'an intellectual conception embodied by fancy,' which, being Mr. Milman's, is of course very bad.—Now, Sir, I have no doubt, that the Editor of the 'Quarterly,' when he wrote, or sanctioned these words, thought he embodied some idea in them himself; and I am willing enough to believe, it is a downright stupidity in me, not to comprehend the difference between 'an airy nothing turned to shape,' in the poet's mind, and an intellectual conception, embodied in the poet's fancy. But if he would be so kind as to make this a little clearer, I verily believe, that Mr. Milman would be much obliged to him.

But can such passages as these, coupled with all that has gone before, fail to remind us of the opinion of Addison on the critics of his day? 'Many of those who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature, plainly discover by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules, extracted out of French authors, with a certain cant of words, have sometimes set up an illiterate and heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.' Addison prefaced this by saying, that one great requisite for a good critic was to be a good logician, and even to be acquainted with the works of Locke. All this is so applicable to the style of the present times, that change French for German authors, and one would suppose that Addison, a hundred years ago, was describing some, at least, of the directors of our literary taste who flourish at this moment. Mr. Lockhart's known attainments must exempt him from the disrespect of applying such a description to him, in all its extent; but we put it to his prudence, if not to his taste, to consider whether the many he left behind, indisposed to him at Edinburgh, and the many who, from the course he pursues, he has indisposed to him here, may not, from the errors that have been pointed out, exult in believing that the picture of Addison belongs to the Critic of the 'Quarterly Review.' I have said (and unaffectedly) that it does not apply in all its extent. Mr. Lockhart is indisputably a man of education and of fair abilities, though possibly mis-directed. That his judgments in criticism are fallacious, is not peculiar to him. We are far, therefore, from being guilty of the injustice, any more than the incivility, of applying to him the accusation of heaviness, or want of literature. But we are also far, very far, for the reasons stated, (which will be still more amply confirmed when we come to his own works,) from considering him as a critic of weight and authority: we believe the cause of the failure to be an opinion, well founded in the abstract, but unfortunate in this instance of it, that largely to generalize is a proof of sagacity. Accordingly he generalizes, till he is often unintelligible, and he is obscure from a cause, the reverse of that against which we are cautioned by a real critic.

'Brevis esse laboro, Obscurus fio.'

But the true secret of all this is now perfectly understood ; the province of imagination is exclusively, as we have seen, in Sir Walter Scott. 'The Quarterly' (though formerly, as we have shown, it was different) draws a charmed circle round the father-in-law of its Editor, and cries, 'Procul, oh! Procul!' to all who approach it. If those who do approach are weak, they are knocked down; if strong, they are undermined. The former are assured that they are fools, and never had a particle of merit belonging to them; the latter are damned with faint praise, and told that they cannot be good poets, because Shakspeare is a better. Thus, instead of reviewing, after having endeavoured to overwhelm Mr. Milman with the superiority of Shakspeare, he consoles, by telling him, that his work is adorned with great splendour of versification, and much opulence of poetical diction. But I have detained you too long, and a wide and dazzling prospect opens before me, in the author's own works, which I am impatient to contemplate. We shall there, assuredly, do more justice to Mr. Lockhart's powers, as we shall there find him engaged on his own original conceptions, not, as hitherto, with the conceptions of others. This, however, must be the subject of other letters.

CRITO.

LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Paris, 28th January, 1828.

I HAVE just read a very curious work, in which the manners of the present day are admirably described; it is the 'Memoirs of Madame de Campestre,' whose notoriety in France has of late been marked by her entanglement in judicial proceedings. Endowed with considerable powers of mind, discriminating wit, and a few years ago possessing great beauty, Madame de Campestre seemed to have a decided vocation for court intrigue: they had, by her own avowal, some very agreeable qualifications. Since 1814, she has successively enjoyed the titles of Baroness, Countess and Marchioness; it is true she did not assume them, but at least she tacitly acknowledged them. She occupied sumptuous apartments in *Louis le Grand*, where she gave magnificent entertainments, and assembled the flower of the court and city. Her drawing rooms were constantly frequented by four or five hundred persons of rank, title, and fashion. She was often honoured by the visits of ministers, peers of France and England, ambassadors, foreign diplomatists, deputies, &c. M. de Villele, who was then Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, was introduced to her circles by Madame —. The heads of the army, bankers, stock-brokers, magistrates, counsellors, merchants, lawyers, and artists, were all to be seen at Madame de Campestre's; in fact her house was the rendezvous of the most elegant and fashionable company at Paris. On the other hand, Madame de Campestre was received every where. She had, as early as 1814, obtained private conference with his Majesty, and was admitted at court in 1820. In 1814, Madame de Campestre inhabited the fourth story of a house, in a small street of the Faubourg St. Germain; since then her fortune has at times been very considerable; and it may be said with great justice of her, that she fell from a fourth story into a carriage without any injury. She was engaged in commercial transactions of magnitude, particularly on the exchange; in one month alone, her agents paid her a balance of 120,000 francs, and she accordingly established a credit to no ordinary amount. Her purchases in diamonds amounted frequently to ten and 12,000 francs at once, and her expenses at Madame de Noel's, her milliner, were 1000 francs per month. The credit which she acquired was indeed such, that one of the first banking houses in Europe accepted drafts signed by her for as much as 20,000 francs at once.

Whatever may have been said of Madame de Campestre, she was certainly born of a rich and ancient family of rank, niece of the Cardinal de Mello, and sister-in-law to the Minister and Ambassador of Sardinia, her credit received powerful support from such alliances. With these advantages, united to her style of living, and her connections in society, she soon acquired considerable influence with persons in power, and her apparent credit very shortly assumed that of reality.

We accordingly find in her correspondence letters from Ministers, Members of the Council, Marshals, Directors-General, Secretaries and Councillors of State. She descended to heads of departments, and sometimes even to simple clerks. She wrote to the King's Chaplains, and to the Archbishop of Paris. It is even reported that, upon one occasion, she ventured

to disturb, with her requests, the peaceable existence of the Canons of Notre Dame.

The important official letters, bearing the seals of office play, however, but a subordinate part in Madame de Campestre's Memoirs, compared to her private notes and tender billets, on satin paper. Of these she received several from M. le Comte de Cayla, M. le Duc d'Esclignac, M. le Duc de la Châtre, and M. de Choiseul, all peers of France, written in terms of the greatest intimacy. M. de Bourienne, formerly Napoleon's Secretary, and at present a Deputy, M. le Comte de l'Espinas, a Lieutenant-General, honoured her with their attachment. M. le Marquis de Beauharnois was also very frequently her *cavalier servente*. In her correspondence, we find the Deputy M. Alexis de Noailles, telling her, 'Je suis tout à vos ordres.' A Minister of State acquaints her most pathetically, 'Je suis horriblement seul; oh! de grace, venez me consoler.' He concludes his gallant epistle by these words, 'Je baise tendrement vos belles mains,' &c.

We may easily imagine, from all this, that Madame de Campestre found full scope for the soarings of her genius, which one of her correspondents has admirably described in the following compliment: 'It is very unfortunate that you were not born a man, for, with your talents, you would, in the present day, have become Minister.'

She frequently obtained situations for persons of her acquaintance, or others, who were introduced to her; thus, for one she procured the contract for funerals in the capital, and was rewarded for this good service by a douceur of 200,000frs. She had made similar agreements with many others who wished to obtain contracts, agencies, &c., for which large sums were promised. Unexpected events, however, destroyed these prospects of fortune, and she was compelled to appear in a court of justice. Several persons, towards whom the seductive Marchioness had forgotten to keep her promises, notwithstanding she had received the price of her patronage, proceeded against her for restitution, and even went so far as to call it swindling. In spite of all the efforts of her young counsellor, whose able defence appeared in the papers of the day; Madame de Campestre's titles and brilliant qualities availed her nothing on this occasion, and she was condemned to two years' solitary confinement, and what is still worse, she is actually suffering that punishment at the Madeleine.

Here, however, Madame de Campestre was as successful as in her own saloons, in captivating all around her, by her winning and graceful manners, and by her liberality. Instead of being classed with the condemned prisoners, she was placed even in charge of those who were only arraigned for crimes. Deprived of her liberty, Madame de Campestre was not, however, idle, and it is, indeed, from this prison that she issued the present memoirs, from which I shall perhaps, as occasion offers, extract a few anecdotes for your amusement.

Talking of anecdotes—I cannot refrain from sending you a few, which I have read in a little work of considerable interest; it is published by Pouthière, and entitled, 'Annuaire Anecdotique, or Souvenirs Contemporains pour l'an 1828.'

ANECDOTE OF M. DE LUCY.—The day on which the news of the battle of Navarino reached Paris, some gentlemen, (among whom was the Count André de Lucy, of Greek origin,) chanced to meet at Monsieur D—'s; the conversation, as may be supposed, turned on the subject of the late victory, and the immense advantages likely to result from it in favour of the Greeks: 'Speak not of the Greeks,' exclaimed a gentleman, in a tone of contempt, 'they are a set of mere cowardly slaves, pirates, and robbers, and all the subscriptions for which we have been importuned'—'You are unjust towards an unfortunate race,' said Monsieur de Lucy, interrupting him, 'I am myself a Greek, and would convince you of it on the spot, did I not feel a horror of shedding the blood of a Frenchman, on the very day too, that I hear how much they have done for us at Navarino!' 'How is it, if you are a Greek,' retorted the stranger, 'that you remain here, whilst your countrymen are being slaughtered in the Morea?' Are you afraid to witness the effusion of blood?' At these words Monsieur de Lucy grasped his cane, in which was a stiletto, and plunged it several times into his thigh: 'Behold,' said he, 'if the effusion of blood terrifies me?' In a few minutes he was bathed in his own, for the dagger had penetrated his thigh, through and through. A surgeon was immediately procured, but the noble-minded Count refused to avail himself of his services, and without exhibiting the slightest symptoms of pain, bound up the wound himself with his handkerchief.

THE DRAMA.

'HAMLET.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed. Do you hear, let them be well used.
'POLONIUS.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.'

Drury-Lane.

A NEW Play, though composed of old parts, was brought out at Drury Lane yesterday week, under the title of *Edward the Black Prince*. The adaptor, the veteran Mr. Reynolds, has, we think, made a great mistake in endeavouring to combine two plays so essentially dissimilar as that whose name the new piece bears, and *Philaster*, which forms, in fact, the main ground-work of the piece. This occasions a great number of anomalies and incongruities which are startling and offensive. The battle of Poitiers is a point of history too well known to have such liberties taken with it.

The true thing to have done would have been to revive 'Philaster' itself. It is, barring some blemishes which might have been removed, a most passionate and beautiful play. It contains some of the most charming of Fletcher's charming versification. Indeed, the other night, his lines occasionally struck upon the ear with a sweetness rendered doubly conspicuous by the cold, bald verses of Shirley.* By far the best scene in the play, that between *Ribeumont* and his page, is taken wholly from 'Philaster,' and to 'Philaster' the dramatist should have confined himself. It was revived in 1763 by George Colman the elder, with alterations rendered necessary by the purer moral taste of the age. We scarcely ever have met a better eulogy of Beaumont and Fletcher than in the prologue which Colman wrote on the occasion; but he certainly was the best prologuist in those days, when people who could write were in the habit of writing prologues.

* Beaumont and Fletcher! those twin stars that run
Their glorious course round Shakspeare's golden sun;
Or when Philaster Hamlet's place supplied,
Or Bassus walked the stage by Falstaff's side,
Their souls, well paired, shot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twined the social bays,
Till fashion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from court, and nature from the stage.
Then nonsense in heroics seemed sublime;
Kings raved in couplets, and maids sighed in rhyme.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaste,
A host from Greece and France, came modern taste.
Cold are her sons, and so afraid of dealing
In rant and ruffian, they ne'er rise to feeling.
Oh! say, ye bards of phlegm, say, where's the name
That can with Fletcher urge a rival claim?
Say, where's the poet, trained in pedant schools,
Equal to Shakspeare, who o'erleapt all rules?

We quite agree with the regret inferred at the beginning of this passage, that Shakspeare should exclude Beaumont and Fletcher from the stage. *Philaster*—the *Maid's Tragedy*—a King and no King—all might easily be adapted to the stage, and all have beauties and merits of the brightest order. But then they should be reviewed singly, not as in this case, be mixed up with poorer matter, and from the incongruity between the story and the persons, have their finest passages marred.

Edward, the Black Prince, we do not consider to have been worth reviving at all; and certainly it was a mistaken way of doing it to mix up a fable so widely different with facts so well known. *Ribeumont* and *Philaster* can never be moulded into one. Mr. Macready was alternately each, but never both. *Ribeumont* every one knows to have been killed at the battle of Poitiers; therefore, it is startling and disagreeable to find him sentimentalizing in a whole skin afterwards. It would not do to write an historical play on the subject of the battle of Waterloo, and to marry Sir Thomas Picton to a fair Fleming the day after the victory. The battle of Poitiers is far too well known for such liberties to be taken with its histories; and, moreover, it is an exceedingly undramatic subject.

For the acting, we may say that Mr. Macready was less affected than usual; and that Miss Ellen Tree (as far as we know, for the first time,) displayed her legs—doing that which was the origin of her sister's fortune on the stage. Harley did the most for a very disagreeable part, which, we doubt not, will be curtailed, as it ought. Cooper was very bluff as *Salisbury*; and Wallack looked very grand, in absurdly black armour, as the *Prince*. Miss Love had a part very little suited to her; and the music she had to sing was by no means striking. Mr. Bishop has not shown his usual knowledge of the taste of the groundlings.

Another novelty of the past week was the new farce of the 'Haunted Inn,' invented and written by Mr. Penke, which although not one of his happiest

* William Shirley, who flourished about the middle of last century, not James Shirley of Charles I.'s time.

efforts, yet aided by the talents of Liston as *Tommy Tadpole*, the waiter of a village inn; and Matthews, as *Corporal Trot*, the orderly of *Captain Levant*, whom Jones represents, has been successful. The Captain having changed garments with Trot, is considered and treated only as a corporal at the inn, where he is hiding to evade the tipstaff. Requested by the landlord and his dame, he undertakes to watch the night through for the purpose of detecting the ghost of that once celebrated highwayman, Jerry Abershaw, which, to their dismay, has of late haunted their dwelling. Tadpole proves to be the impostor, who enters enveloped in a sheet, with a speaking trumpet in one hand, and the trace chains of a waggon in the other; and in his turn, he is frightened by Levant, who rises by the aid of a table and its cloth to a most gigantic height.

Corporal Trot, in the mean time, is personating his Captain; who is expected by *Sir Tomkyn Probe* (Mr. W. Burnett) to woo and win his daughter *Angelica* (Miss I. Paton). On arriving, his clumsy mistakes and vulgar sayings astonish at first, and soon disgust both father and daughter: they at last are cleared of their visitor by the arrival of a bailiff, who arrests the Corporal as the Captain.

Matters at the inn go on to the satisfaction of Tadpole: who, by Levant's secrecy, succeeds in frightening away the old couple and becoming its master, and the husband that is to be, of *Jenny Tuft*, (Mrs. Orger,) the landlord's buxom niece.

The Bailiff and Trot, on their way to London, arrive at the inn; the Captain is made aware of his danger most ingeniously, by Trot. At this instant arrive *Sir Tomkyn* and *Angelica* by the most opportune mischance of a back door; the Captain, by the wit of Trot, recovers his own dress,—is seen and loved by the young lady.

Jenny Tuft finds in Trot her long-lost first love, discards poor Tommy, and gives her hand where first she gave her heart. Liston is, as usual, the butt of the piece, Mathews the odd fellow, and Jones the dashing sprightly wag. It is almost superfluous to add, that each of these was excellent in his part. The piece was judiciously curtailed on its second representation.

Covent Garden.

We heard Mr. Wood sing on Saturday evening, as *Artabanus*, in the opera of 'Artaxerxes'; his voice, as we have before said, is excellent, but his singing must be improved by an education. Miss Hughes, we are sorry to say, does not quite answer the expectations we at first formed of her; she is singing too loud to sing well in tune. A vocalist's first requisite is a fine voice; it should have a good compass, be flexible, and be guided by a correct ear; for a large Theatre, it should be powerful. The next, is a distinct articulation, without which the pre-eminence of human song falls to the level of that of art—or in other terms, the voice without words is but a living instrument. Then follows feeling, which is the natural germ of pathos, and all the varieties of expression. The climax is found in the cultivation of these natural endowments: and then the individual may appear as an aspirant for the approval of the public. We say not this to Miss Hughes or Mr. Wood, individually; but to those who are now placing pupils in the stations professors only ought to fill. Miss Stephens and Mr. Phillips have both appeared during the week, at the Italian Opera House, but not as performers.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.

THE annual exhibition of the works of British artists at this gallery was opened to the public yesterday, and although we have seen collections in the same rooms more abounding in excellent performances, we do not on the whole see reason to express any great dissatisfaction with the present display.

Mr. Etty is among the first, both by his place in the catalogue, and by the merit of his works, to claim attention. Besides his *Judith and Holofernes*, of which the public had an opportunity of forming an opinion at the last Academy Exhibition, we have a *Venus making Love*, and *Cupid interceding for Psyche*. Both are delightful pieces of splendid colouring. In the former the flesh is excellent, but it may be objected, that the attitude is forced and inelegant; the black eye-brow is not consistent with the bright hair of the Venus; the effect of the moon cutting against the column is bad; neither is the shadow on the Cupid happy—it looks like a streak of dirt. The Venus herself is in form rather Flemish, a *Venus Genetrix* at least, too much so perhaps for the

beau ideal. The same objection may be made to the *Psyche* in the other piece, of which the Cupid is the best figure. It reminds us of one of the graceful winged geni of Canova, at the tomb of the Stuarts in St. Peter's.

The *Young Draught-Players* and *The Dancing-Dog*, of Gill, are very pretty and clever morsels; the little urchin looking at the dog is charming.

Rhodomonte, King of Sarza, challenging Ruggiero to battle, by H. P. Briggs, is well known as having been exhibited at the Royal Academy last year. Since that time, it has undergone some alterations. The figures in the back-ground have certainly improved the picture.

Milton's *Amphitrite* is finely designed; the grouping is effective and skilful; the colouring is full of force: perhaps too much is sacrificed to make *Amphitrite* fair: her figure looks like a spot of light. The sea is heavy and opaque.

In *The Beach at Brighton, the Chain Pier in the distance*, Mr. Constable has not been so successful as in his landscapes.

The Interior of the Habitation allotted to the Turks at Venice, and the Gondolier, by J. F. Lewis, are very clever and sketchy. The colouring is not English; it is pleasing at present, but will it retain its tone?

The Execution of the Doge Marino Faliero, by M. Delacroix, a French Artist, who, for the first time, comes before a British public, is a picture very cleverly managed. The moment after the decapitation is made choice of; and one of the Senators appears in the gallery above the place of execution, lifting the sword of justice, and proclaiming 'the death of a traitor.' The body is seen on the ground beneath, and the separated head is just indicated under the folds of the drapery; the Artist thus stopping on the safe side of the horrible. Immediately under the spot of execution, the populace are perceived thronging forward. This truly Venetian painting in colouring as in subject, was included in the first annual exhibition of the Louvre. The Artist has evidently studied, and not without profit, Paul Veronese.

Stanfield exhibits, in his *Wreckers off Fort Ronge*, a very splendid picture. The effect of the storm in the horizon is singularly striking and felicitous, and the principal group of the boat and crew, quite admirable. It is difficult to discover a blemish in this performance; we never saw the agitation of a sea after a storm so beautifully represented.

The Cows of the Ashyshire and Alderney Breed, by James Ward, has all the life and truth in which that artist's animal paintings never fail to excel; the whole piece displays fine and effective handling.

The Mother, by John Partridge, is a picture pre-eminent in grace, both in subject and treatment; the colouring is beautiful, and shows that the artist has studied Titian with effect. In the back ground the warm sunny tint of evening is delightful. The face of the mother, although sweet, is somewhat inanimate; that of the child is full of life. *A Ravine at Sorrento*, by the same artist, is, to our eyes, rich and glowing, but it is not English, observed a bystander.

Mrs. W. Carpenter has two pictures, *Paolina*, and *The Children in the Wood*, both painted with her accustomed force, but less happily treated, we think, than many of her earlier works; she has in these contrasted the brilliancy of her lights so strongly, that there appears scarcely any middle tint to harmonize the composition.

Miss H. Gouldsmith has three pretty landscapes; we admired the view on the Paddington Canal in particular.

Balfour of Burley, in the Hayloft hearing Claverhouse's Cavalry in pursuit of him, by Andrew Morton, is very clever. The naked broad-sword across the knees of the Covenantanter, and his square figure and resolute visage, illustrate well the character drawn by the author of Waverley.

The Chancel of the Church of St. Rombauld Tirmont, by D. Roberts, is a splendid representation of a Gothic interior, in the well known effective style of that artist. We were not the only persons present who pronounced it one of the best pictures in the gallery.

Deer fallen from a precipice, and Scene in the Highlands, by Edwin Landseer, are fine specimens of his vigorous pencil. They are full of truth and beauty. The dulness of death in the deer's eye, and the eagerness with which the crow is flying to the carrion, are admirably expressed.

The Greek Girl, by G. S. Newton, is very pretty and spirited; but we should like to see a little more variety in the heads of this painter, and the contrasts between his figures and the back-ground softened.

Beech trees in Penshurst Park, painted from nature,

by F. R. Lee, are very characteristic of their species. The lights are excellently managed.

The Ducal Palace of Venice, by R. P. Bonnington. When we say of this painting, that it will remind the connoisseur of the excellent perspective, the sunny brightness of the lights, and the transparent shadows of Canaletti, we give it the highest possible praise. This picture was first exhibited at an exhibition in the Louvre.

Who'll serve the King?—by Robert Farrier, was, if we remember correctly, in the Exhibition last year: the miniature recruiting party is well imagined; the little urchin whom they would enlist, by his features and his attitude, might be supposed the son and heir of Liston.

In the *Jack-Daw stripped of its Plumage*, by Lance, the pencilling appears too evident. The fibres of the feathers are displayed too much in detail, and the fulness of the effect thereby prejudiced. In other respects, this elaborate work merits high commendation. The chief actors in the scene are very spiritedly sketched, and we do not know which is most ludicrous,—the cowed look and attitude of the unfortunate jackdaw, or the angry and lofty glances of the vain peacocks. In works of this class, it ever seems matter for regret that so much valuable time should be lost on such scanty subjects.

Il Penseroso, by F. P. Stephanoff, we have seen and admired before; we regret to meet it here unsold.

A Committee of Taste, is admirably burlesqued by T. Webster's well painted group of little boys, who are evincing their *gout* by voraciously demolishing the interior of a jar of raspberry jam.

May Morning—an Allegory, by John Wood. The beautiful Aurora, clasped by the arm of sunny-robed Phœbus, led by 'the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,' and the dark-browed night retiring with her clouds, are given with all the poetry of a splendid imagination. The fiery-footed steeds, too, are full of energetic action. The colouring and the composition are also excellent.

TO PUBLISHERS.

The Publishers of the Metropolis, and of the principal Provincial Towns, are requested to observe, that all announcements of New Works in preparation, or in the press, will be inserted under the head of LITERARY INTELLIGENCE, without charge, if transmitted to the Office of THE ATHENÆUM, free of postage or other expense, before noon on the Monday of each week. Such notices must be confined, however, to matters of fact merely, and unmixed with eulogium,—the characters of the several Works being reserved for the opinion of the Reviewer after reading them; and not, as is now too frequently the case, to be announced by a paragraph, before it has met any other eye but that of the author and publisher.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Great inconvenience having been experienced from the want of some general uniformity in the mode of preparing Contributions for the Printers,—the Editor takes this opportunity of stating, that the expedition and accuracy of their labours will be greatly facilitated by an observance of the following rules:

1. The size of the paper or pages written on, to be OCTAVO, —i. e. the size of ordinary note-paper, which admits of an article being divided among a greater number of compositors, and, therefore, sooner got ready for the press.

2. The pages to be written on one side only for the same reason.

3. In all quotations from ancient or modern foreign languages, to let the writing be particularly distinct; as well as in names of persons and places when in English, which can considerably abridge the labour of both the Printer and the Corrector of the Press; and prevent typographical errors that are now often unavoidable, from being passed by uncorrected by the printer, though marked by the Reader for that purpose, owing to the unavoidable hurry in which all works of this nature are involved, when restricted to a certain hour of publication, and a certain moment for going to the press.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Hours of observation	January	Therm.	Winds.	Weather.	Cloud.
Bar. at 9 A.M.		A.M. P.M.			
Mon.	28.40	49° 42°	S.	Moist fog.	
Tues.	29.58	41	S.W.	Clear.	
Wed.	30.44	30	S.W.	Clear.	
Thurs.	31.46	42	S.to S.W.	Wet.	
Feb.	1.51	48	S.W.	Clear.	
Sat.	2.50	42	SW.NW	Fair. Cloudy	
Sun.	3.43	42	W.to NW	Serene.	

Moist haze on the mornings of Friday and Saturday; disappearing at noon.

Dark, heavy stacked clouds in the western horizon, for a short time, on Saturday, at dusk. Serene moonlight nights, except on Monday and Thursday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Saturn in conjunction on the 29th. The Moon at her greatest distance from the Earth on the same day.

The Sun and Mercury in superior conjunction on the 2d, at a quarter past seven, A.M.

* * * Scientific readers have, no doubt, observed in our last, that the Moon's latitude was mis-stated in Capricorn, instead of Aries.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Thomas Noble, the original Editor of 'The Liverpool Mercury,' and subsequently of 'The Derby Register,' purposes to print immediately his dramatic poem, entitled, 'Spartacus the Gladiator.' He is induced to this, we understand, by having seen announced in the London papers the presentation of a tragedy on the same subject by Mr. Jones of the Middle Temple. The poem of Mr. Noble has been long under his hands; the completion of it having been interrupted by certain unfortunate circumstances. It has, in its incomplete state, been read and admired by many; and although it contains much dramatic interest of a very striking nature, it seems to be of too poetic a cast for representation. A French tragedy on the story of Spartacus, written by M. Saurin, one of the intimate friends of Voltaire, suggested to Mr. Noble the dramatic capabilities of that portion of Roman history; but, except in one or two secondary points, he is not indebted for his plot, and still less for his characters, to the French author. Availing himself of the freedom of our native dramatists, he has neglected the unities of time and place, and has thereby been enabled to adhere generally to the story given by Plutarch in the life of Crassus.

Mr. Jacob Jones, of the Inner Temple, the author of 'Longinus,' a Tragedy, in Five Acts, and other works, has just presented, for one of the Theatres, a Five Act Tragedy, entitled, 'Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator.'

The Editor of 'The Mirror' has in the press a pocket volume, entitled 'Arcana of Science and Art for 1828: being the Popular Discoveries and Improvements of the past year; abridged from the Transactions of Public Societies and other Scientific Journals, British and Foreign.'

In the press, and speedily will be published, 'Gomez Areas, or the Moors of the Alpujarras. A Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Fruebay Cosio. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Holland.

The author of 'The Morning and Evening Sacrifice' is far advanced with the printing of a new work, entitled 'Farewell to Time, or last Views of Life, and Prospects of Immortality,' which is intended as a companion or sequel to the former work.

Mr. John Johnstone, editor of 'Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry,' will publish, next month, 'Specimens of the Lyrical, Descriptive, and Narrative Poets of Great Britain, from Chaucer to the Present Day; with a Preliminary Sketch of the Early History of English Poetry, and Biographical and Critical Notices.' This volume will be embellished by frontispiece and vignette, engraved in the best style of modern art, from paintings by Stothard; and will be printed uniformly with the 'Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry.'

The Rev. Alexander Stewart, author of 'The History of Scotland,' and other School-Books, will speedily publish 'Elements of Geography, for the Use of Schools or of Private Students, on an entirely new Plan; in one neat volume, 18mo, with nine Maps.

In a few days will be published, in one vol. 18mo, with engravings on wood, by Williams, 'Mary Harland; or, the Journey to London: a Tale of Humble Life. By a Lady.'

Mrs. Alaric Watts is about, we learn, to prepare an Annual for young readers, which will be published, in the course of the present year, by Longman and Co., and be entitled 'The New Year's Gift.

Legends of the Lakes are announced by Mr. Crofton Croker. A Literary Journal has been established at Pittsburgh, in America, the First Number of which has been received in this country; it is entitled 'The Hesperus.'

A French Journal, to be called 'L'Echo des Pyramides,' will be published at Alexandria, provided the consent of the Pasha can be obtained.

Just published, in 4to., Part XIV. of the Animal Kingdom. By the Baron Cuvier.

The first two volumes of an edition of Horace has just appeared, in 18mo., with an Ordo and Verbal Translation. By Dr. Stirling.

In the press, Torpidiana; an Inquiry into the Literary Pretensions of the Officers and Members of the Council of the Society of Antiquaries. As this volume is intended to contain a severe but just review of the labours of these gentlemen, their privately printed works will be more particularly noticed.

Preparing for publication, Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities, consisting of a series of prints illustrative of the most interesting ancient buildings, architectural and sculptured fragments, &c., of all the Cities of England; with descriptive accounts. By John Britton, F.S.A.

The Rev. A. Stewart, author of the 'History of Scotland,' &c., will speedily publish 'Elements of Geography, for the use of schools or private students, on an entirely new plan.'

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WEEKLY REPORT OF BOOKS SUBSCRIBED BY THE TRADE.

- Misses Porters' 'Coming Out,' and 'The Field of the 40 Foot-steps,' 3 vols., 12mo., 11. 10s.
 Scard's Sermons, for Schools and Young Persons, 12mo., 5s.
 Brevint on the Sacrament, 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 The Old English Knight, 12mo., 4s.
 Trevor's Practical Illustrations of the Business and Laws of Customs, 8vo., 11. 1s.
 Northcote's 100 Fables, original and selected, with a wood-cut to each, post 8vo. 16s., royal 8vo. 11. 6s., India proofs, 11. 11s. 6d.
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 A Course of Lessons, with Tunes for Infant Schools, 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Bishop Middleton on the Greek Article. By Scholefield, 8vo., 10s.
 Rev. John Richards' Sermons and Letters, 12mo., 7s.
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 Sayings and Doings, (3d series), post 8vo., 11. 11s. 6d.
 Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, 1 vol., 8vo., 15s.

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East India Register and Directory for 1828, 12mo., 10s.

Punch and Judy, as represented in the streets, with cuts. By George Cruikshank, post 8vo., 9s.; coloured, 12s.; India, 15s. Illustrations sold separate.

The Wild Garland, or Prose and Poetry connected with English Wild Flowers; plates, 3s. 6d.; or coloured, 5s.

Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War. By J. M. Duncan, 2 vols. 8vo., 12s.

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An Account of Public Charities in England and Wales, abridged from the 'Reports of his Majesty's Commissioners on Charitable Foundations,' with Notes and Comments, vol. 1., 12s.

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THE SPHYNX, LONDON NEWS-GAZETTE

No. 6, February 2, 1828, contains—Exquisite Flexibility of 'The Courser'; the Duke of Wellington's Administration—Don Miguel; Prospect of Returning Despotism in Portugal—Debates on the King's Speech in the House of Commons; Battle of Navarino; Premiership of the Duke of Wellington; Prospects of the Country—Parliamentary Debates, with Notes exposing the errors, misstatements, and fallacies of the several speakers as they occur—Leading Articles of the Daily Papers—Latest News from Paris—The Public Press in England—Injustice of Regulations connected with the Stamp Laws—Union of Military with Civil Power—The Emigration Committee's Report, Condition of the Working Classes—The Army—The Navy—Courts of Law—Shipping Intelligence, Varieties, &c.

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London: printed and published, for the Proprietors, by WILLIAM LEWIS, 147, Strand, near Somerset House; and to be had of all News-vendors and Clerks of the Roads throughout the Kingdom.

On Friday, February 1st, was published, price 1s., No. II. of

THE BRITISH MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, RELIGION, AND PHILOSOPHY, (continued

monthly), containing: I. The Melville Packet. II. Observations on the Colours of Flowers. III. An Examination of certain Opinions advanced in the writings of Adam Clarke, LL.D., &c. (continued.) IV. Poetry. Navarino. V. On Prejudice in Philosophy, (continued.) VI. Review—'The Pelican Island,' by James Montgomery, Esq. VII. Confessions of an Infidel, Part II. VIII. Topical's Marginal Notes on Wesley's Testament, (continued.) IX. Review—'Philosophical Evidence of Christianity,' by Renn Hampden, (concluded.) X. On the Structure and Economy of the Glow Worm, (concluded.) XI. General Notices of New Publications. XII. Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

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